



Copyright 1878-1884, by Beadle & Adams. Entered at Post Office, New York, N. Y., as second class matter. Mar. 15, 1899.

No. 3.

Issued Weekly.
March 29, 1899.

M. J. IVERS & CO., Publishers,
(James Sullivan, Proprietor.)
379 Pearl Street, New York.

Price 5 Cents.
\$2.50 a Year.

Vol. I.

THE BUFFALO DEMON; Or, THE BORDER VULTURES.

A Tale of the Southwest.

BY EDWARD L. WHEELER.

AUTHOR OF "DEADWOOD DICK," "THE DOUBLE DAGGERS," ETC., ETC.



ON CAME THE HEADLESS HORSEMEN, HEADED BY THE BUFFALO DEMON.

EDWARD L. WHEELER'S DEADWOOD DICK, JR., NOVELS

IN THE HALF-DIME LIBRARY.

Price 5 Cents per Copy.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 443 Deadwood Dick, Jr.; or, The Crimson Crescent Sign. | 716 Deadwood Dick, Jr.'s, Still Hunt. |
| 448 Deadwood Dick, Jr.'s, Defiance. | 722 Deadwood Dick, Jr.'s, Dominoes. |
| 453 Deadwood Dick, Jr.'s, Full Hand. | 728 Deadwood Dick, Jr.'s, Disguise. |
| 459 Deadwood Dick, Jr.'s, Big Round Up. | 734 Deadwood Dick, Jr.'s, Double Deal. |
| 465 Deadwood Dick, Jr.'s, Racket at Claim 10. | 740 Deadwood Dick, Jr.'s, Death-Watch. |
| 471 Deadwood Dick, Jr.'s, Corral. | 747 Deadwood Dick, Jr.'s, Doublet. |
| 476 Deadwood Dick, Jr.'s, Dog Detective. | 752 Deadwood Dick, Jr.'s, Death-Blow. |
| 481 Deadwood Dick, Jr., in Deadwood. | 758 Deadwood Dick, Jr.'s, Desperate Strait. |
| 491 Deadwood Dick, Jr.'s, Compact. | 764 Deadwood Dick, Jr.'s, Lone Hand. |
| 496 Deadwood Dick, Jr.'s, Inheritance. | 770 Deadwood Dick, Jr.'s, Defeat. |
| 500 Deadwood Dick, Jr.'s, Diggings. | 776 Deadwood Dick, Jr.'s, Resurrection. |
| 508 Deadwood Dick, Jr.'s, Deliverance. | 782 Deadwood Dick, Jr.'s, Dark Days. |
| 515 Deadwood Dick, Jr.'s, Protege. | 787 Deadwood Dick, Jr., Defied. |
| 522 Deadwood Dick, Jr.'s, Three. | 792 Deadwood Dick, Jr.'s, Double Device. |
| 529 Deadwood Dick, Jr.'s, Danger Ducks. | 797 Deadwood Dick, Jr.'s, Desperate Venture. |
| 534 Deadwood Dick, Jr.'s, Death Hunt. | 802 Deadwood Dick, Jr.'s, Diamond Dice. |
| 539 Deadwood Dick, Jr., in Texas. | 807 Deadwood Dick, Jr.'s, Royal Flush. |
| 544 Deadwood Dick, Jr., the Wild West Vidocq. | 812 Deadwood Dick, Jr.'s, Head-Off. |
| 549 Deadwood Dick, Jr., on His Mettle. | 816 Deadwood Dick, Jr.'s, Rival. |
| 554 Deadwood Dick, Jr., in Gotham. | 822 Deadwood Dick, Jr.'s, Boom. |
| 561 Deadwood Dick, Jr., in Boston. | 828 Deadwood Dick, Jr.'s, Scoop. |
| 567 Deadwood Dick, Jr., in Philadelphia. | 834 Deadwood Dick, Jr.'s, Proxy. |
| 572 Deadwood Dick, Jr., in Chicago. | 840 Deadwood Dick, Jr.'s, Clutch. |
| 578 Deadwood Dick, Jr., Afloat. | 845 Deadwood Dick, Jr.'s, High Horse. |
| 584 Deadwood Dick, Jr., in Denver. | 852 Deadwood Dick, Jr., at Devil's Gulch. |
| 590 Deadwood Dick, Jr.'s, Decree. | 858 Deadwood Dick, Jr.'s, Death-Hole Hustle. |
| 595 Deadwood Dick, Jr., in Beelzebub's Basin. | 863 Deadwood Dick, Jr.'s, Bombshell. |
| 600 Deadwood Dick, Jr., at Coney Island. | 870 Deadwood Dick, Jr., in Mexico. |
| 606 Deadwood Dick, Jr.'s, Leadville Lay. | 876 Deadwood Dick, Jr.'s, Decoy Duck. |
| 612 Deadwood Dick, Jr., in Detroit. | 882 Deadwood Dick, Jr., in Silver Pocket. |
| 618 Deadwood Dick, Jr., in Cincinnati. | 891 Deadwood Dick, Jr.'s, Dead-Sure Game. |
| 624 Deadwood Dick, Jr., in Nevada. | 898 Deadwood Dick, Jr.'s, Double Drive. |
| 630 Deadwood Dick, Jr., in No Man's Land. | 904 Deadwood Dick, Jr.'s, Trade-Mark. |
| 636 Deadwood Dick, Jr., After the Queer. | 910 Deadwood Dick, Jr., at Tip-Top. |
| 642 Deadwood Dick, Jr., in Buffalo. | 916 Deadwood Dick, Jr.'s, Double-Decker. |
| 648 Deadwood Dick, Jr.'s, Chase Across the Continent. | 928 Deadwood Dick, Jr., at Dollarville. |
| 654 Deadwood Dick, Jr., Among the Smugglers. | 934 Deadwood Dick, Jr., at Flush Flats. |
| 660 Deadwood Dick, Jr.'s, Insurance Case. | 940 Deadwood Dick, Jr.'s, Shake-Up. |
| 666 Deadwood Dick, Jr., Back in the Mines. | 946 Deadwood Dick, Jr.'s, Double Drop. |
| 672 Deadwood Dick, Jr., in Durango. | 951 Deadwood Dick, Jr.'s, Right Bower. |
| 678 Deadwood Dick, Jr.'s, Discovery. | 957 Deadwood Dick, Jr.'s, Ten-Strike. |
| 684 Deadwood Dick, Jr.'s, Dazzle. | 965 Deadwood Dick, Jr.'s, Gold Dust. |
| 690 Deadwood Dick, Jr.'s, Dollars. | 971 Deadwood Dick, Jr.'s, Oath. |
| 695 Deadwood Dick, Jr., at Danger Divide. | 977 Deadwood Dick, Jr.'s, Death-Doom. |
| 700 Deadwood Dick, Jr.'s, Drop. | 980 Deadwood Dick, Jr.'s, Best Card. |
| 704 Deadwood Dick, Jr., at Jack-Pot. | 992 Deadwood Dick, Jr., at Gold Dust. |
| 710 Deadwood Dick, Jr., at San Francisco. | 998 Deadwood Dick, Jr.'s, Big Play. |
| | 1005 Deadwood Dick, Jr., Branded. |
| | 1011 Deadwood Dick, Jr.'s, Dutch Pard. |
| | 1018 Deadwood Dick, Jr.'s, Big Four. |

For sale by all newsdealers or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, 5c. per copy, by the publishers, M. J. IVERS & CO., 379 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK CITY.



Copyright 1878-1884, by Beadle & Adams. Entered at Post Office, New York, N. Y., as second class matter. Mar. 15, 1899

No. 3.

Issued Weekly.
March 29, 1899.

M. J. IVERS & CO., Publishers,
(James Sullivan, Proprietor.)
379 Pearl Street, New York.

Price 5 Cents.
\$2.50 a Year.

Vol. I.

THE BUFFALO DEMON; Or, THE BORDER VULTURES.

A Tale of the Southwest.

BY EDWARD L. WHEELER,
AUTHOR OF "DEADWOOD DICK," "THE DOUBLE DAGGERS," ETC., ETC.



ON CAME THE HEADLESS HORSEMEN, HEADED BY THE BUFFALO DEMON.

The Buffalo Demon;

OR,

The Border Vultures.

A TALE OF THE SOUTHWEST.

BY EDWARD L. WHEELER,

AUTHOR OF "DEADWOOD DICK," "THE DOUBLE DAGGERS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

FOUND IN THE MARSH—THE LOCKET.

"JACK BULARD! Jack Bulard; d'ye hear me? Come here, I tell ye!"

"What's wantin', Peggy?" came in slow accents from within.

Mrs. Bulard, a buxom little woman of five-and-twenty years, looked up from her wash-tub beside the cabin door, with a savage frown.

"Ye'd better git a-comin', Jack, now, I tell ye, or I'll come in there, and club the mop-stick over your thick skull, see'f I don't. I want ye!"

"Yas, ye're allus wantin' me, Peggy, w'en I git sot down for a comfortable smoke," growled a great strapping fellow, of some ten years the woman's senior, as he lumbered along toward the door, pipe in hand. "W'at's the rumpus, gal?"

Peggy stopped in her work, and faced her spouse, excitedly.

"Ye remember that clatter of hoofs we heerd at midnight, last night, don' ye, Jack?"

"Consarn me, ef I don't! I tho't that the Demon Buffalo, w'at ther fellers ar' tellin' such almithey yarns about, war broke his tether-strings!"

"Yes!" snapped Peggy, maliciously, "an' ye war scar't nigh about inter fits!"

"No sich a thing," growled Jack. "But w'at of the clatter of hoofs?"

"A good deal, I s'pect," nodded Peggy, knowingly. "Thar's som'thin' wrong, Jack— Listen! d'ye hear that?"

Jack bent his mulish-looking ears forward, and was silent.

Presently a peculiar sound greeted his hearing—a sound singular, indeed, out there on the prairies.

It was a piteous moan or cry, such as could be emitted by only a baby, in distress.

"Humph!" muttered the squatter, "a painter's screech, I judge."

"No, it 'tain't nuther, I tell ye!" vociferated Peggy. "It ar' a baby's cry!"

"Blarst the babbies!" grunted Jack, taking a good long puff at his pipe. "Ye run to 'em, woman. Since ye got hitched up alongside o' me, I've heerd nothin' but babbies, babbies, babbies! Ye've preeched on 'em from mornin' till nite!"

At this instant the long, peculiar cry greeted their hearing again.

"Whar's it cum from?" muttered Jack, listening intently. "Frum the bog over yander, eh, gal?"

"On course," coincided Peggy. "Jes' ye go over an' see, Jack. Ef it's a baby, mind you, bring the little tootsy-bootsy to my arms; the poor humless little cherub!"

"Ya-s! I'll tootsy-bootsy it," drawled he, as he turned into the cabin for his rifle. "Like's not I'll heave it over inter 'Soury, ef it's a babby."

"Now, jes' le'me see ye try it, Jack Bulard! Ef ye want me ter wear this hickory mop-stick out over your he'd, go and chuck et inter the Missessuri. There'll be one less Injin-fighter, I tell ye!"

"Humph!" muttered Jack, eying the aforesaid weapon of offense, contemptuously. "Thet cudgel hain't got ther terrors ter me thet it uster have, Peggy. My head knows thet ar stick by heart, an' I'll

bet a chaw of terbacker thet this 'ere same skull o' mine ken stan' more mop-stick drummin' than ye've got wind ter inflict. No, gal; ye'll hev ter cut a hevver gad'n that!"

Peggy uttered a screech that would have rivaled the panther, and made a precipitous dive for the cudgel, but her amiable spouse was out of reach ere she could possess herself of it.

Across the prairie from Bulard's cabin, at the distance of a couple of hundred yards, was an immense flag-bog or marsh, which ran back to the edge of the Missouri river.

At this the spring season of the year, it was generally about half-filled with water and driftwood, and there were treacherous sinks and sloughs, here and there, that made it very dangerous to cross, if not quite inaccessible.

Jack Bulard had been reared from infancy on the border, and was as good a scout, trailer, and Indian-fighter, as the district boasted of.

Therefore, when he left the cabin behind him, he did not strike out boldly in the direction whence came the frequent cries, but turned abruptly to the north and hurried off.

He was ever alert to the tricks and snares instigated by the wily savages.

He knew that there were none of the panther species of animals in the bog; but he did not know how many of the red-skin species might be lurking in it, trying to lure him within gunshot, by the art of simulation which seems so natural among the bloodthirsty denizens of the West.

So he approached by a circuitous route, and with the greatest caution.

Fully fifteen minutes had elapsed, so carefully did he sneak along, ere he disappeared in the wilderness of flags.

"The big idiot," observed Peggy, who had been watching him, contemptuously. "He's afeard et's a red-skin. Bah! no Injin ever made sich cries as them. It's a baby, an' that's the long an' short of it. Hum, well; I s'pose there's no use frettin' 'bout him. He will hev his own way. I do believe he'd use jest so much caution ef he were goin' ter a funeral!"

Once in among the rustling brakes and flags, Jack Bulard exercised even more stealth than before. On his hands and knees he moved toward the object of his search, parting the thicket as he went.

For a hundred yards he crept forward; then stopped and listened.

Not a sound was to be heard save the sullen roar of the great river off to the west, and the rustle of the flags above and around him.

"Gol-darn the babbies, anyhow," he forcibly ejaculated, as one of his hands and arms sunk to the shoulder in a leaf-concealed pool of mud.

Hardly had he spoken, when a piteous cry broke out, in a thicket just in front of him.

To creep forward and part the brakes was but the work of an instant, and as he did so, the great borderer started aghast with an exclamation of horror.

There, directly before him, was a pool of clear, crystal water, completely hedged in by the surrounding forest of flags.

Lying just on the edge of this pool, with its feet and little limbs submerged in the water, was a child—a mere infant in years, dressed in a baby's dress, which had once been white, but was now muddy, soiled and torn.

Jack Bulard's face was white with an awful feeling of terror, as he pulled the little sufferer from the cold water.

It was not dead yet, but he could see by the short, quick gasps for breath, that it could not have held out much longer. The little white face, the staring blue eyes, and the deathly hue about the little mouth, told him that in an hour more the poor thing would have been dead.

It was evidently a girl, for its hair was long and sunny.

"Horrible!" muttered the big-hearted borderer, tears standing in his eyes as he took the moaning ob-

feet of pity upon his knee. "Ther man er 'ooman, thet c'uld hev ther stummak to sling such a purty critter inter this hole ain't no better nor than ar' a lizard. Eh, leetle 'un, w'at is it?"

The waif continued to cry in a manner piteous to see, and its delicate white hand kept pointing toward the pool, as if to attract the hunter's attention to something buried beneath its placid depths.

At first, Bulard did not comprehend, clearly; then something akin to combined horror and dread attacked him, and laying the child upon the ground, he stepped forward, waded a few steps into the pool and peered down into the crystal water.

His great form shook with emotion, and his eyes bulged from their sockets, as he made a second discovery.

There, lying upon its back on the white, pebbly bottom, *was another infant!*

It was dressed like the first, and of the same size. Very likely the two were twins.

Awed! ay, horrified beyond expression, the borderer reached forward his foot, and stirred the body. Then he perceived that it was held down by weights, attached to its waist by strings.

After a moment, he staggered back to the shore, and seating himself by the side of the little girl, he bowed his face forward between his hands, and the tears fell from his eyes thick and fast.

Never before in his life, thus far, had his feelings been so touched.

Never had he stumbled upon a scene that so shocked his nerves, and opened the valves to the pity in his great heart.

It was some time ere he could control his emotion and raise the living child in his arms, and bear her toward his cabin.

Here he gave her up to Peggy, as, in his rude but honest manner, he related what he had seen.

Peggy Bulard, though she had a long tongue, was the possessor of a large and kindly heart, and she received the little waif with true motherly affection, and left the wash-tub to nurse her back to life—which was an uncommon thing for Peggy.

Sad and sorrowful, Jack went back to the pool and fished out the body of the dead child, which he also bore to his cabin home.

Peggy laid it out in a white sheet, while out of doors Jack set to work, and out of a pine board made a rude coffin.

On the neck of the dead waif was found a strange scar—a birth-mark, doubtless, in the shape of a tiny hand. All the fingers and the imprint of the palm of the hand being quite distinct.

Also, around the neck of the little girl was a gold chain, to which was attached by a coral link a little locket set with precious stones.

"Peggy," said the borderer, that evening, as he sat tipped back in a favorite corner of the cabin, waiting for her to prepare the evening meal, "d'ye know w'at I feel in my bones?"

"How shed I kno?" snapped she. "You're allus feelin' som'thin' in 'em: but it never cums true!"

"Don't, eh? W'en I felt it in my bones thet ther Injins war goin' ter burn out Shaeffer's, they didn't do it, did they? Oh, my gal, my bones are true as allmanax in their prophecys, sure pop! I feel it in 'em, jest at this purtic'lar minnit, that some day or other, I shall run slap up against ther human that deserted these poor children."

"I hope to gracious ye will, Jack Bulard," replied Peggy, "an' ef ye don't bu'st his pate for him, I hope he'll bu'st yourn."

"Oh, I'll bu'st him, never ye fear! But, what're ye goin' to do wi' ther leetle girl, ef she don't go over ther dam?"

"Raise her, on course!"

"Thet's right, gal—right as a cokynut. An' w'ile ye ar' raisin' her, I'll keep my eye peeled erbout, arter the cuss who hain't got no more ov a heart than a alligator."

The next morning the body of the little dead one was interred by rude but tender hands.

CHAPTER II.

JONATHAN JERROLD, ARTIST.

Seventeen years later.

A company of about a dozen horsemen was riding leisurely across the great plains, at the close of what had been a sultry August day. All were mounted on spirited horses, and their dress plainly denoted their calling—that of the free ranger of the border.

The main party was headed by two men, who, evidently, were chief in command.

The one was a tall, muscular knight of the frontier, dressed in buckskin, with a face tanned to a nut-brown hue from constant exposure to wind and sun; piercing gray eyes, dark curling hair, and a heavy brigandish mustache of a like color. His form was of perfect mold, and he sat his horse like a cavalier of old.

His companion, who rode by his side, was a sturdy, grim-faced young borderer, with a lithe yet muscular form, black eyes, and long, dark hair, that fell around his shoulders in profusion, while his face was shorn of all signs of beard. Both of the leaders, as well, in fact, as the whole of the cavalcade, were well armed.

"You're sure you can sight the cabin, ere darkness falls, Lije?" asked he of the mustache, with an uneasy glance toward the dry, red sun, which was dropping behind the horizon. "You are aware that we are now in the country of the Apache, and I am not too favorably impressed with the character of either the red or white inhabitants of the district we are about to enter; or, that is, I would not care to camp down on the plains here with this handful of men!"

"You talk like a hornet, captain!" said Lije, dryly; "but never fear. 'Less suthin' stranger'n I kno' of hes happened, I'll show ye Jack Bulard's cabin afore the moon's up. How's yer compass p'int now? 'Bout sow'-est, ain't et?"

"Yes," replied the captain, consulting the hands of the compass—"about that. A little to the south, if anything."

"Thort so. Ken't ginnerally fool the Leopard on his reckoning. Wal, sich bein' the case, I opine ye'll see that gal o' yer's in short order. Luv her purty strong, don' ye, boss?"

Captain Chris Adams flushed, but it was a flush of pride and pleasure that shot athwart his visage.

"Yes," he replied, "I love her passionately, madly. She is a pure and beautiful maiden, Lije!"

"Right, capten, sure's I'm a buffler-steak anihilater. I've kno'n Guess Bulard these ten year, and 'll go my last plug o' terbacker she'll make a thumpin' good wife. How'd ye ever happen to meet her?"

"I'll tell you," responded the captain, as he gave another anxious glance toward the setting sun. "You remember the big freshet there was on the Missouri, before Bulard moved down here to Texas, don't you? Well, I was scoutin' among the reds on the other side of the river, when that mighty thaw came, about ten miles below Bulard's cabin."

"One drizzling, nasty morning, when the prairies were nothing more nor less than an ocean of water, a band of Sioux got after me, and I was compelled to 'light out' for the stream. I knew a canoe hidden near the shore, and rather than risk my hair in the keeping of old Nemostoka, I resolved to risk a trip across the river to the other shore."

"I got in sight of the river about ten minutes ahead of the reds, and uncovering my canoe, I sprung in, and pushed out. Lije, if you've ever seen the Missouri on one of her tantrums, you can imagine something about how it was then. It was a boiling, seething expanse of water."

"My frail bark tossed, and lurched, and plunged, in the battle, like a stick, and I was not able to do much service with the paddle."

"At last I was about in the middle of the original river course, and then made a startling discovery."

"Coming down the stream, and bearing direct toward me was a cabin—yes, a log-cabin, sir, which

danced along like a ship upon the ocean, its heavy weight being a means of keeping it intact and from tipping over. Upon the roof, with their arms outstretched toward me in a supplicating manner, were three persons.

"From the instant of this discovery I resolved to save them, if possible, for I knew that Locust Island was not half a dozen miles below, and that there the cabin would be dashed against the tree-tops, and those on the roof would perish in the flood.

"I so managed my canoe that in a short time we were dashing along side by side.

"By the assistance of my lariat, I soon had the three prisoners in my frail craft, and after an hour of doubt and uncertainty, we reached dry land.

"The rescued ones were Jack Bulard, his wife and his lovely young daughter. The freshet had swept away their cabin while they were yet in bed, and by the opportune dismantling of the chimney, they had succeeded in escaping to the roof.

"That was a memorable occasion, Lije. I took them along with me, down to Dallas, and fell in love with Guessie Bulard, in the bargain. Just a year ago, when we separated, on the occasion of my call up into Montana, she promised to wait for me, and, on my return, become my wife."

"You orter be a joyous skunk, boss," said the Leopard, solemnly. "But, by my steak-eating proclivities, look *thar*! W'at in the name of the forty-seven constellations o' stars duz thet mean?"

Captain Chris gave the signal and every man drew rein at once.

Directly in front of them, though distant several hundred yards from where they had halted, stood a horse and wagon—the former, an old, scrawny, ribby sorrel, who looked as if it had never known the taste of hay or grain, while the latter was a small, rickety specimen of the canvas covered "schooner," used by wagon-trains in crossing the prairies.

Between this strange conveyance and the cavalcade was a man, whose frantic hopping about and grotesque motions, first to his wagon, and then toward our friends, was intended, evidently, to warn them not to approach.

"Hold on a bit!" ordered Captain Chris, "and let's see what that lunatic means!"

The whole cavalcade pulled up abreast, and stared at the stranger.

As soon as he perceived that he had succeeded in bringing them to a halt, he skurried quickly back to the hind end of his vehicle, and took therefrom a box not unlike a camera or photograph apparatus, which was attached to a tripod, or high three-legged stool. This he stood upon the ground, with the nose pointed toward his audience, and then again back to the wagon he skedaddled.

"Celestial Singers!" exclaimed Leopard Lije, in wide-mouthed amazement, "w'at's that?"

"Durn my moccasins ef I know w'at it ar'," grunted the veteran of a hundred hair-lifts, Grizzly Len.

"I'll tell ye w'at I judge!" ventured Fifth Avenue Sam. "Et ar' w'at them ar' consarned Britishers call a Gatlin'-gun. I see'd one, in er show-windy on Fifth Avvynoo, New York, an' et looked suthin' like thet yander. All a feller hes ter dew, arter he puts er han'ful o' *cat*-ridges in a sorter o' pan, is ter turn er krank wi' er 'andel to et, an' holey hevrens! why, boyees, ther bullets just fly, as long's yer arum, till every one's gone!"

"Celestial Singers!" gasped the Leopard, as the stranger was now seen to approach the mysterious machine, "an' thar he cums wi' ther *cat*-ridges now! Ter ther ground, b'yees, every mother's son on ye, and guv 'im a taste o' mineral substant from the Injin-territory lead-mines, ere he ken git hes infernal Gattler loaded!"

In an instant every man but Captain Chris, was on the ground, and their horses were wheeled sidewise, as a breastwork, while eleven rifles bore down toward the lone stranger.

"Hold on, you confounded idiots!" here yelled

Captain Chris, who had waited, with an amused smile, to see if his ignorant companions were really so deluded; "what in Heaven's name would you do? Put up your guns!"

"Celestial Singers?" growled Lije, in angry accents, "d'ye take 's fur a lot er coyotes? We hain't er goin' ter let thet long-whiskered antelope riddle us wi' *cat*-ridges; no, not much! Quick, thar, b'yees; see! he's puttin' hes he'd under thet cloth, ter sight on ye! Guv him a blizzard!"

There was an ominous click! click! as the rifle-locks were drawn back.

"Hold!" again shouted young Adams, his face paling, as he drew a revolver, for he saw the grim rangers were earnest in their belief—"don't you *dare* to pull a trigger—not one of you, or the man dies that does it!"

Not a weapon exploded, consequently. It was a scene worthy of the pencil of an artist. Eleven brawny knights of the border brought to bay by a single man, under the cover of his gleaming weapon; in the rear, to the north and to the south, a vast expanse of level plain lay in isolation and silence; while in the foreground was presented to view the lone tourist and his awe-inspiring machine, his pitiable apology for a horse, and the "schooner."

"Put up your guns, and mount!" commanded Captain Chris, as he at last saw the stranger emerge from under the cloth which enveloped the camera, and motion for them to approach.

The rangers sullenly obeyed.

"You see you were scared at nothing," resumed Adams, with a chuckle. "Do you not yet comprehend what yonder object is?"

"No!" growled Territory Tim.

"Well, then I'll tell you. It is an apparatus for taking pictures—photographs!"

"Wal, by thunder!" were the astonished exclamations on all sides. "Ye don't say!"

In a few moments the entire cavalcade drew rein in front of the camera, and the stranger, a large, portly personage with immense whiskers and eyebrows, saluted them:

"Haow d'ye do, gentlemen? What in creation was the matter wi' ye, when I was a-try-in' to take yer pictures a bit ago? Acted as how as ye were skeert!"

"They *were* frightened, the fools," laughed Chris. "Took your machine for a Gatling-gun, you see. But, who in Cain are *you*, governor?"

"Me—who am I?" exclaimed the stranger, in surprise. "Is it possible ye never heerd tell on *me*? W-a-l, thet's cur'ous! I'm the famed Jonathan Jeriah Jerrold, photographical professor, stereoscopshunist, and artist in nature's sublime beauties!"

CHAPTER III.

THE PRIER'S REWARD.

"CELESTIAL Singers!" gasped the Leopard. "Then that ain't no gun, arter all, hey?"

"Certainly not," replied the artist. "It is an apparatus fur takin' a surperyer and kurrect repersentashun uv yer facial delineaments, an' then transferring them in a highly satisfacktory manner by the chemikal aid o' photogeric prossesses, to er peece of paper. When this remarkable ackquiremen' ar' sucksessfully ackkomplished, we go ter work, an' paste the piece o' paper onto a eard; you then have as natural an' neat a physiognomistical and chromatical representashion of yourself as though ye war ter look in a hunderd-an'-seventy-five-dollar French plate mirror!"

"Ye don't tell us! So ye war tryin' ter steal our good looks, war ye?" growled Grizzly Sam, fingering his six-shooter.

"No! no! no!" cried Jonathan Jeriah, in abject terror; "don't shoot, Mr. Red-skin—no, drat it; Mr. Mr.—Mr.—Ranger, I mean—please, doan't. I'll ax yer parding, ef ye won't shoot me!"

"Haw! haw! haw!" roared the borderers.

"Be quiet, boys," ordered Captain Chris, enjoying the scene quite as much as his companions. "Let our artist be. I say, governor, what are you doing

out here in this Injin country? Can't be you've got much knowledge of the Apache, eh?"

"Kind sir," replied the photographer, "you speak the truth. I'm not particularly acquainted with the inhabitants of this section of our Creator's sublime footstool; but, nevertheless, I am possessive of a lion-heart, and consequently it behooves me not to fear aught in these solitary haunts, but put my faith in the Almighty, and trust for the best."

"Yas!" said Circus Pete, grimly, "et's well ernuff ter trust ter ther Old-Un, w'en ye're in sight o' ther fort, or at ther settlermentz, but w'en ye're wi'in gunshot o' ther 'Pash huntin'-grounds, I'll take revolvers, for *my* choice. Jest let er gool big 'Pash git a squint at them whiskers, an' thet ha'r o' yourn, an' I'll bet er buffler, it'll be good-by fotygraffer!"

This caused a general laugh at Jerrold's expense, and Captain Chris added:

"Pete, here knows what he is talking about, sir, and I agr-e with him that you are in a very dangerous position. Even with my dozen experienced Indian-fighters, I doubt if we get across the plains without hearing from the red-skins. You've come to a very unpropitious country to pursue your calling. Indians have no taste for the fine arts, and if you point your apparatus at them as you did at my boys, here, very likely your scalp will pay the forfeit. I'd advise you to put for the "East," as fast as you can!"

"Indeed! sir ranger, you seem to have a very poor opinion of me; but I care not a whit for your discouragement of my noble enterprise. To guide my footsteps back to the Orient would be an utter improbability. I am in the employ of the Cosmopolitan and International Bureau of Art, and am bound for the great lava-beds *via* different routes, to photograph the spot where noble Canby fell."

"So ye're goin' to try Modoc, eh? Well, before you go that far, just make your *will*! Your family will doubtless need the benefit derived therefrom."

"I say, captain," suggested the Leopard, "let's take him erlong wi' us. P'r'aps his consarned machine may skeer off ther 'Pash, when we git to ther gorge, and thereby save us a heap o' trubbel. An', tew, he ken fotergraff ther Demon Buffler!"

"Yas! yas!" put in the assemblage of fun-loving rangers, who foresaw a deal of sport in the companionship of this remarkable character, who had so strangely fallen across their path—"take 'im erlong. Will ye go 'long wi' us, Peech-blossom?"

"Kind sirs, you greatly honor me, and if you thinketh that my company would be agreeable, I am not averse to linking my fortune with thine."

"Karect! thun et ar' settled; ye shall go 'lang. Ye shell see Cloven-Hoof, the Demon Buffler o' Texas! Ye shall see heaps o' Injuns; an' sides, we'll all hev our pictures taken. W'at d'ye say ter et, Capten Chris? Hain't no 'jeckshuns ef we tote thes corn-krib erlong, hev ye? Reckon we kin purteck 'im!"

"No," said Adams, who had been closely studying the artist, and had arrived at the conclusion that he was something more than his outward appearance indicated. In particular was noticeable the change in his manner of speech. Firstly he had used the language of a Yankee, but now it was plain that his words were *studied*.

"No objection," he continued, "if you fellows choose to incumber yourselves with such a charge. Remember, though, we have yet two days' hard travel before us; and how do you expect to make any progress with yon omnibus in tow?"

The rangers looked blank for a moment. They had not thought of the "schooner" and its ribby attackee.

"Never fear, sir," broke in the artist. "Though yon beast of mine shows unmistakable signs of decay in places where flesh should predominate, yet, rest assured, kind sirs, that her youthful spirit has not been smothered!"

"You mean that the bone-yard is not beyond the powers of fast travel? That you can keep up with us?"

"Exactly. *La Belle* can hold her own with any courser of the century. Wait till I load my wagon, and then lead on; I will follow!"

So saying, Jonathan Jeriah proceeded to pack the camera into the rear end of his wagon, and when this was done, he pulled down a long canvas curtain, so that none of the rangers' prying eyes should peer into the interior of his covered vehicle—inside the wagon.

Then, springing to a seat in front, he gave the word; the old sorrel stretched her bony neck, and struck out like a race-horse for the West, followed by the amazed, as well as amused cavalcade, whose animals were left in the rear.

By and by the artist drew rein and allowed the rangers to approach and take the lead, while the sad-looking sorrel shacked along at their heels, lazily, making no show of an effort to keep up, although the animals in advance were galloping along at a rapid gait.

On moved the caravan.

At length night closed in on the limitless expanse of plain; still the horsemen did not pause.

An hour passed and still no sight of the wished-for cabin.

At last the Leopard drew rein.

"Ther's no use trampsin' 'round enny longer, cap'n," he declared, "fur I opine I'll hev ter gi'n up beat. I don' see no kinder signs o' er habbertashun, hyar'bouts, an' jedge we'll hev ter gi'n up the ship, fur ter-night, anyhow."

So a halt was made, and the horses turned loose to graze. As all were trained animals, no fears were entertained of their going astray.

La Belle, however, had no sooner arrived at the conclusion that her day's work was at an end, than she very deliberately lay down in the shafts, and closed her eyes.

"Celestyal Singers," ejaculated Lije, "see thar, Peech-blossom—yer hoss as laid down wi' her gear—in' on. Shell we gi'n ye er lift to raise her?"

"No," said Jonathan Jeriah, coolly; "it is the way she usually sleeps!"

And while the rangers were making a fire, the artist gathered a handful of grass for his pet.

"See hyar," interposed Fifth Avenue Sam. "Is thet all ye allow yer anymile, old snoozer?"

"Wait till you see," replied Jerrold.

When a fire had been kindled, and each of the ranger brigade were engaged in roasting their slice of savory venison, the artist disappeared within the sacred precincts of his wagon, and presently emerged bearing two formidable chunks of "b'ar-meat," which he fastened to the ends of a couple of sticks, and proceeded to broil at the fire.

"Wagh!" grunted Grizzly Len, eying the contemplated meal, in unfeigned astonishment, "ye ain't er-goin' ter git outside o' all o' thet, ar' ye, ole hoss? Skin me fur a buffler, but thar's enough to *kill* *two* ordinnery buzzards!"

Jonathan did not answer, but went on with his work, and soon had the chunks of meat done to a fine brown. He then laid aside one for himself, and took the other over to *La Belle*, who, to the great wonder of all present, devoured it without a whimper, and immediately whined for more.

"That's a remarkable animal of yours, Cap.," observed Adams, as he finished his slice of venison.

"Thinketh so, kind sir? Well, in all probability your words are full of wisdom. At least, I will not contradict you, and doubtless, in the future, you will become more strangely impressed with the singularities connected with yon equine."

After the meal was disposed of, the fire was permitted to expire; the horses were brought in and hopped, and Grizzly Sam and Len went on guard.

Jonathan Jeriah sought the inside of his "schooner" to repose, and the lone camp in the heart of the great plains soon was wrapped in silence.

Before long the two guards fell asleep; they had ridden far that day, and were too exhausted to do further duty; so they imprudently slept at their

post. Hardly had they become wholly oblivious to time and sense when a man crept near and peered ahead into the camp.

After a moment's survey of the sleepers, he glided still nearer, and soon stood at the rear end of the artist's vehicle.

He was a brawny specimen of humanity, with immense length of arms and legs, and broad chest and shoulders. His face was covered with a stubble-beard, his eyes were of a piercing gray, while his hair was long, tangled and silvery-white.

A long rifle slung at his back was his only weapon in view, for his belt was minus the customary knife and pistol.

After assuring himself that he was still unnoticed, he proceeded to survey the conveyance before him.

"Humph," he muttered, under his breath. "Thes ar' quare. Nevyar see'd sich er contrivance in two year. Must be some bu'sted-up kerryvan, or else et ain't; I dunno w'ich. Par'ps et ar' a Gipsy keert—but, kim ter thunk, thar hain't no Gips on ther plains, else it be 'Pash. Plenty on 'em, tho', an' not fur off, at thet. Wonder w'at's inside hyar, ennyhow? I judge I'll investigate a bit!"

Reaching forth one hand, he unbuttoned the curtain, and lifting it on one side, peered in.

In an instant the loud report of a gun broke the stillness of the night, and the borderer staggered back, with an unearthly yell, for a portion of his cheek had been blown away, and his face was peppered in a pitiful manner, with fine salt and powder.

His wild yells brought every one of the rangers to their feet, and they huddled around him in surprise, awe, and amusement.

The gigantic stranger was hopping, jumping, and squirming about at a great rate, and giving vent to hideous yowls of pain and rage, that were frightful to hear. It was plain to see, however, that he was more scared than hurt, as the wound in his cheek had not quite laid the bone bare.

"Here! here!" ordered Captain Chris, shaking him by the shoulder; "shut up your howling, or you will have the whole Apache nation down on us. Dry up. I say! What's the matter with you? Great Heaven! is it *you*, Jack Bulard?"

"Me? On course et's *me*—w'at leetle thar's left on me. How! yow! yow! W'at d'ye keep in thar ennyhow?" he belched forth! casting anything but admiring glances toward the "schooner." "I didn't kim hyer ter be blown inter koyote-fodder, not by enny means!"

At Adams's expressed wish he then related what is already known to the reader.

"How is this, professor?" queried the captain, turning to Jonathan Jeriah, who had emerged from his mystery-enshrouded vehicle, and was looking at the borderer with a strange twinkle in his bead-like eyes. "Did you shoot Bulard?"

"Nay, kind sir. I was wrapt in the dormant inclinations unto Morpheus, like yourself, when yon prowling individual sought to penetrate the sanctity of my canvas-covered habitation, and incurred upon himself a just reproof for his audacious intrusion!"

"But what *did* the mischief? There was a report like a cannon, if I recollect!"

"Very likely, kind sir. The secrets of yonder studio are not for other eyes than mine, hence it behooves me to guard the rear entrance with a small salt-loaded howitzer, in the event of my nocturnal repose, while the foremost end I blockade with my body. The gun I keep constantly loaded, and after I button the curtain down as I intend it shall remain, it behooves no man to pry into the conveyance. I give you this explanation that each man present may profit thereby, and prevent disfiguration of their physiognomistical countenances!"

Jack Bulard eyed the artist savagely.

"Nevyar mind, old hoss," he groaned. "I'll git even wi' ye, yet, ef et takes till next year; I ain't no 'e'd owl, yit!"

"Never mind, Jack," said Captain Chris, consolingly. "You'll get well in a jiffy. Tell me.

where's your cabin and ranch? We could not find it, so we had to camp down here!"

"You're on my *ranch* now," growled Bulard. "'Pash burnt the cabin yesterday!"

"And the women? What of them?"

"Carr'd off, I reckon," was the reply, accompanied with horrible groans.

CHAPTER IV.

RETROSPECTION—OLD JACK'S STORY.

CAPTAIN CHRIS ADAMS is so well known throughout the Far West and Nor'west, that no words of ours are necessary to proclaim his fame. No braver man has ever trod the wilds of the frontier. With his invincible rangers he has done many a service for the Government, in the way of repelling raids from various bands of desperadoes and hostile savages, that will not soon be forgotten.

Several weeks previous to the day when we first saw the "Invincibles" on the Texan plains, Captain Adams had received a call from Camp Supply, signed by several prominent citizens, requesting his presence there with his band of rangers. So, selecting twelve of his best men, he had left Fort Buford on the long and dangerous trip to the South.

The rangers, all old and toughened sprigs of the frontier tree, could stand almost any amount of hard riding.

Among them were men notorious for their daring, skill and bravery—such as Lije the Leopard; Fifth Avenue Sam; Beeswax (colored); Grizzly Len; Grizzly Sam, Territory Tim, Alaska Ben, and others.

Finally arrived at Camp Supply, young Adams was not a little surprised to meet Governor Coke, who at once took the ranger into consultation.

The object of the call of the rangers from their northern home was soon made plain.

In the northern portion of Texas a great excitement prevailed which had become akin to a panic among the inhabitants in that section—a panic that seriously threatened to unsettle a vast tract of cultivated land.

By the earnest endeavors and constant inducements of Land Commissioner Groos, several little settlements had sprung up, prosperous farms were under tillage, and the population was rapidly increasing, until the appearance of the "scourge," as the settlers termed "the mystery."

The prevailing mystery and excitement were produced by the appearance of an unknown and *unseen* band of desperadoes, styling themselves the *Vultures*, on frequently distributed placards, and who were headed by a nondescript being—a mysterious, cloven-footed creature, whom the more superstitious settlers firmly believed possessed of the devil.

This Cloven-Hoof, as it was called, was in bodily developments shaped not unlike a man, but the feet were cloven, like those of his Satanic majesty are supposed to be, while, instead of a *human* head, the gigantic head of a buffalo surmounted a large bull-neck, over which flowed a jetty mane. And, another wonder, the frightful object was possessed of no arms or hands. The lower part of the body was covered with glistening scales, like those of a fish, and, too, it was suspected that, together with all his other infernal qualifications, Cloven-Hoof was an amphibious monster.

This mysterious thing was wont to lead his men upon the settlements, and not unfrequently down against the wagon trains, in the dead of night, and while he was attracting the attention of whatever sentinels might be posted, his minions would pounce upon and plunder the wagons.

Such was the idea the governor gave Captain Adams of the mystery, adding, that the settlers and inhabitants of the Government lands were becoming thoroughly alarmed, and that unless something be done immediately to quell the superstition and to "lay" the Cloven-Hoof, there would be, undoubtedly, a precipitate desertion of the section, which it had taken years of unceasing perseverance and labor to populate.

So it was vitally necessary that the matter should be thoroughly investigated; hence the ranger was summoned from his far northern haunts, and offered a munificent reward should he succeed in overhauling the band of outlaws, which he consented to do, and after a brief rest set out for Zosse, a little settlement nearest the principal scene of the depredations, armed with a letter from the lieutenant-governor to one Alonzo Nesmit, a leading spirit and citizen of the infested community.

Desiring, for a purpose best known to himself, to increase his band to twelve men, aside from their leader, Captain Chris had laid his course across the plains toward the cabin of his prospective father-in-law, old Jack Bulard, whom he hoped to enlist in his service.

Under what inauspicious circumstances the two met, we have already related. Let us, then, once more, look back upon the camp.

"Great Heaven!" gasped Adams, reeling back at Bulard's declaration; "carried off by the Apaches? Horrible! Go on, old man, and do not keep me in suspense. Tell me all!"

The old scout coolly seated himself upon one of the hubs of the wagon-wheels, and after filling and lighting his pipe, puffed away a few moments, contentedly.

"Ken't tell ye how et war dun, boyee," he replied, rubbing his hand dubiously over his lacerated cheek. "Ye see I war out on er long trip up ter ther Platte, an' w'en I left hum ther women war gittin' erlong skrumphish-like; so I didn't worry much erbout 'em. But, yesterday, w'en I erriv'd back 'bout dusk, an' found thet ther 'Pash hed bin thar 'arly in tner mornin', an' cremated my ranch, I tell ye I war mad as er goose in settin'-time. I k'u'dn't find nerry sign o' ther femernines, so I jedged they war amputated—no, thet ain't ther word; le's see! Abdicateded, am et, capten?"

"Abducted, you mean?"

"Yas—thet ar' et. Abdicateded! Wal, as I war say'n', I jedged ther rotten 'Pash had got ther gals—my gal an' yers—an' I war 'bout diggin' fur their settlement, w'en I spied you."

"What! you saw us so long ago as last evening?"

"Wal, yas—or 'bout ther same, I see'd yer camp-fire. I kno'd 'twere'n't 'Pash blazes, fur 'Pash ain't no such big fools as ter expose ther carkasses by buildin' fires, w'en old Jack Bulard ar' 'bout. So I conjured up ther ijee, thet mebbe said fules moight be vally'ble ackcessories, and resowlded ter wait till they kim up. So I waited!"

"Perhaps, kind sir, 'twas my camp illumination that you perceived," ventured Jonathan Jeriah, "as last evening I kindled a flame from weeds!"

"Yas—recken 'twere sum ignerent jackass like ye, ef I'm er jedge o' sich riptiles. Anneyhow, I burried up in ther sand, like er prairie-dorg, an' wa'ted tel ye camped down yere, w'en I concluded ter inspec' matters. Cuss thet shuten blunderbuss; I'm er sp'ilt chicken, sure!"

"How know you that the Apaches are the captors of Guessie and your wife?" demanded Captain Chris.

"Don't kno' fur sartin. Thar's a suthin' moighty cur'us 'bout et, w'ich I ken't parse in *my* grammer."

"And what is it?"

"Wal, I'll tell ye. I pried around the premises, an' diskivered thet ther main heft on ther gang halted erbout two hundred yeerds off frum whar my ranch stood, an' near's I kuld jedge, they remained thar. I saw the tracks o' *one* animal, as were rid ter the cabin, when thar soon bercame *two* horses' foot-prints inst'ed o' *one*. But ther dickens o' et war, one hoss must hev hed four feet an' t'other *two*, ea'se I could extinguish w'ar ther four-futted beast stood by ther larger tracks; an' see whar suthin' made er kupple o' tracks alone! An' quarest o' all, cap'n, not er *human* hoof-print could I deskiver—not er single sign o' un, tho' I s'arched high an' low!"

"Ha!" ejaculated Captain Chris, excitedly. "I believe, then, I have the solution of what seems a mystery to you!"

Whereupon he related the strange story about Cloven-Hoof, and all about their present expedition to Zosse, where they intended to begin operations. Bulard listened with the greatest interest.

"An' ye think my femernines war kerried off by thes Cloven-Hoof?"

"I haven't the least doubt of it. The two foot or hoof-prints which you saw, that were not to be accounted for, as only one horse approached the cabin, are doubtless the cracks of the horse's rider, who was the mysterious Cloven-Hoof!"

"Wal, boyee, I opine ye're right; but et ar' b'yant my grammer-pars'n erkomplishments. An' ye tell me ye're goin' right down ter hunt this critter?"

"Yes. We shall take up the trail of these horse-men in the morning, and by following it, I believe we will sooner or later learn something definite as to their whereabouts."

"P'arps yer right, capten. Ennyhow, hyar's w'at 'll stick to ye clusser'n er coat o' tar'n'-fe'ithers. Ef we diskiver them, all rite. Ef we don't, the 'Pash 'll ketch blazes w'en I do git at 'em. Oh! Jerusalaam! won't I make ther ha'r bristle, tho!"

And the borderer chuckled grimly, in anticipation of his contemplated swoop down upon the detested Apaches.

"Good," said Adams. "Now, all hands turn in again. Morning will soon be upon us!"

The rangers once more rolled themselves in their blankets, and not deeming it necessary to post a guard for the remainder of the night, none was set. The artist retired to his vehicle, and soon the camp was wrapped in silence.

But ere they were asleep, fortunately a strange sound aroused them. It was the snort of Jerrold's animal *La Belle*—a snort that betokened affright.

Every man was on his feet in a moment.

Each felt that the mare's fright was not feigned, for the sagacious beast had arisen to her feet and was extremely uneasy.

Grasping their guns the rangers peered through the surrounding gloom, which, the moon having gone down, was deeper and more impenetrable than before.

Nothing was to be seen, and on listening intently, naught save the low faint breathing of the horses could be heard.

Jonathan Jeriah Jerrold soon appeared from his boudoir, and was told of the uneasy conduct of *La Belle*.

He shook his head, dubiously.

"She certainly perceived or heard something of a suspicious nature, else why this agitation?" he replied.

Ten minutes passed in restless watching by the rangers.

"Celestyal Singers!" suddenly yelled the Leopard; "look thar!"

He pointed to the east, where a blood-red rocket had left the pall-shrouded earth, and was soaring far up and across the starlit sky, like a fiery serpent.

"Injuns!" cried Fifth Avenue Sam.

"Yas! an' 'Pash, too," assented Bulard. "Keep yer peepers skinned fur more on them signals. They're w'at skeert ther hoss, I speckulate!"

An anxious watch was now kept on either side, and soon a blue rocket shot up from the south. This was immediately answered by a white one from the north.

"That settles et!" announced old Jack, examining his gun, in a business-like way. "Ther fust one, w'ich skeert ther 'oss, war fired in ther north. Cock yer pill-boxes, boyees, fur we're surrounded by not less'n a hundred 'Pash!"

And even as he spoke, a confused chorus of distant war-cries, coming from either direction, broke the stillness of the clear night!

CHAPTER V.

THE SWOOP OF THE VULTURES.

Not many leagues to the west of the settlement of Zosse, which was to be the destination of Captain

Adams and his "Invincibles," stands the little Spanish-Mexican town of Los Des Pumas.

Formerly it had been a fortress, in the old times, but now the walls were crumbling with age, and the Mexicans and half-breed natives had built themselves, outside the grim old fortifications, numerous adobe haciendas, and thus a considerable area of territory was occupied by the site of the "silent city."

The inhabitants of Los Des Pumas were of a shiftless, lazy turn, and were never known to do a day's work, though the soil and general character of their isolated surroundings were well adapted to farming.

It was rarely that any stir about the town could be observed, and many were the speculations made by the industrious citizens of Zosse, over the listlessness and idleness of their unobtrusive, dark skinned neighbors of the "silent city."

On the night of the strange advent of the old borderer, Jack Bulard, into the rangers' camp, a scene was occurring at Los Des Pumas that we must record, as it will have a bearing upon our narrative.

About sunset a man rode into the little town from the direction of the range of mountains to the east, and demanded to see the officer in command, as he had important news to communicate.

On being shown inside the grim old ruins of the fortress, and into the presence of the *alcalde*, a small, evil-faced Spaniard, the stranger gave a sigh of relief, and accepted a proffered seat.

"Well—" began the Spaniard, but the stranger interrupted him.

"There is no time for parley," he said, hurriedly. "How many men can you arm, to repel an attack?"

"To repel an attack!" gasped General Murrillo, in amazement. "What do you mean?"

"I mean," was the reply, "that in less than an hour Los Des Pumas will be attacked by a large band of American soldiers, with the view to plundering the town, and subsequently turning it into a military post!"

Conales Murrillo grew ashen white, and sprung wildly from his chair.

"Dost speak the truth, man?" he cried, savagely.

"I tell you nothing that the hour will not prove. How many fighting hands can you mount and arm?"

"Every man and woman in Los Des Pumas, if necessary. All persons under my control, that exceed the age of ten years, are skilled in the use of both lance and carbine."

"Good. I had little idea this village was so strong in points of defense; but so much the better. Listen, Senor Murrillo, and I will tell you my plans, as I have a vital interest in this town and its safety. Now, these Yankee filibusters have pitched their camp in the valley, two miles from this spot, and are preparing for a night charge on Los Des Pumas. They must not do it, senor—do you hear?—they *must* not attack the village. Mount yourself and every human under your command that can lift a rifle, and I will lead you against the accursed Yanks. From the bluff above the valley, we can charge down upon them, and sweep away their heft; and then no attack will be made!"

"But, senor, what shall be done with the children, and my lovely daughters—Nola and Inez?"

"Secrete them in the *mines* underneath us!" replied the stranger, watching the Mexican narrowly.

Murrillo leaped back aghast.

"Who are you?" he gasped, "that you know so much?"

The stranger smiled. He was a young man in years, to all appearances, but his features were so covered with beard that it was next to impossible to make out their expression. His eyes and hair were jetty black in color, and his form, which was clad in habiliments of the mountaineer, was a marvel of symmetry and muscular development. A sombrero, drawn closely down to the eyes, effectively concealed the upper portion of his countenance.

"Who am I?" he repeated, after stroking his beard for a moment, as if in deep thought. "Well, my name is Pietro Gonzellos, and I am an individual

who knows every crook and corner of Los Des Pumas, and also the secrets thereof. Is it not enough that I offer to save yours and yourself from capture—ay, perhaps death?"

"Yes; but let us not talk longer. You remain here, and I will order everything ready."

So saying, Murrillo hurried from the council-chamber, leaving Gonzellos alone.

No sooner had the *alcalde* disappeared than the stranger arose excitedly, and paced to and fro.

"It will work! It cannot fail to work!" he muttered, a strange smile lurking in his eyes. "Then!—"

He did not finish the sentence, for a light footstep upon the tiled floor close at hand, caused him to wheel around.

A maiden of some sixteen summers stood before him—a fair-haired, bright-faced creature, in whose soulful eyes gleamed the light of purity and truth. She was very beautiful, both in face and form, and a remarkable contrast to the olive-skinned beings who went to make up the citizens of Los Des Pumas.

Pietro Gonzellos sprung forward with a glad cry.

"Inez! Inez!" he exclaimed, as he clasped the maiden to his breast. "Thank God we meet once more!"

"Yes, Philip; but why are you here in this disguise? Does my father know you?"

"Yes; as Pietro Gonzellos. You recollect, dearest, that the life of Phil Warren would not be worth a whistle, were he to appear in Los Des Pumas undisguised. These accursed Greasers have no liking for the King of the Hills!"

And here the man gave vent to a merry laugh.

"True; and I wonder how you dare come here now. But, Philip," and the beautiful maiden's tones were full of anxiety, "tell me why you have come here to-night? I know your presence in Los Des Pumas bodes no good to my father, and the villagers. Oh, my friend, the scene of two years ago is not going to be repeated, I hope!"

"No, fair Inez, no. Though I cannot tell you what changes *may* speedily transpire, rest assured no danger will befall *you*. Hear! there is the blare of the trumpet that calls me away. Adieu, sweetest! May my meetings with you henceforth be longer and more frequent!"

Imprinting a kiss upon the full, rosy lips of the maiden, Pietro Gonzellos turned and hurried from the room. In a dark passage he suddenly stumbled against Murrillo, the *alcalde*.

"Come!" ejaculated he, turning back and preceding the stranger, "I have all in readiness."

He led the way out into the court-yard that was fenced in by the grim old walls of the fortification. Here a strange scene was presented. Some hundred and twenty horses were drawn up abreast, their noses facing the ponderous gates opening out into the village, and on their backs were mounted a motley crowd of men, women and children, armed with long lances and carbines slung to the pommels of their Mexican saddles.

Some were evil-faced *Greasers*, a few half-blooded Navajoes, and a goodly portion of the band were young and old Mexican women and children.

"There!" said Murrillo, with a proud gesture, "see them, will you? There is not another town in Mexico which can turn all the inhabitants, old and young, into fighting trim. But come, Senor Gonzellos, let's mount and away. As you have said, Los Des Pumas must not be attacked. The discovery of the wealth beneath yon fortress would soon bring an avalanche of the accursed Yankee fortune-hunters upon us."

The two men mounted their horses; then, as the fortress gates swung open, they led the way at a gallop in the direction of the little valley, followed by the motley band of "defenders."

Pietro Gonzellos took the command, and in half an hour drew rein at the foot of the hill beyond which wound the valley.

"You must all remain here!" he ordered, as he dismounted, "until you hear a shrill whistle. I will creep to the crest of the bluff, and spy down upon

the Americans in the valley. When I see a suitable chance for a charge against them I will give said whistle, when you must dash up the bluff and make a rush down upon them. They will, of course, be surprised, and an easy victory will be yours. But, remember, don't come until I give the signal."

The next instant he had thrown himself upon all-fours and wriggled off through the darkness, which now enveloped the earth.

When the moon emerged from the bank of clouds that had shrouded it and threw its mellow rays down upon the bluff, Pietro Gonzellos was nowhere to be seen. He had doubtless gone beyond the ridge on his spy-mission.

With great impatience the hot-tempered Mexicans waited for the signal, but an hour dragged by, and still there came not the promised whistle from the scout.

Murrillo finally uttered a savage protest, and urged his horse up the slope.

"Come on," he ordered, "and let's see what this means. Perhaps Gonzellos has been captured!"

The whole party spurred swiftly to the top of the bluff, and came to a momentary halt, while their eyes swept the little treeless valley below, which was flooded with soft white moonlight.

Not a person was to be seen!

Not a sign of a camp, nor where one had been pitched could be found on searching the valley.

They had been "sold," and for what?

Let us return to the "silent city," and see, in company with the angry cavalcade.

The deepest silence hovered about the old fortress and the low haciendas, outside the crumbling walls. The ponderous gates were wide ajar, and the trampled grass near by showed but too plainly the imprint of many horses' feet.

"Curses on us for a pack of fools," hissed Murrillo, dashing fiercely into the court-yard and flinging himself from his horse. "In our absence the town has been *sacked*! Ho, there, you grovelings! Dismount at once, and let a thorough search be made!"

And a search was made accordingly. Every residence in Los Des Pumas had been plundered.

The fortress had not escaped, for in an apartment where the *alcalde* kept his gold and jewels was found his rifled desk. Everything was taken that was of value.

But, worst of all came, when Murrillo read the following on a placard that had been conspicuously posted in the council chamber:

"ALCALDE MURRILLO, DEAR SIR:—

"We, the Vultures of the Border, are very much indebted to you for the large quantity of gold which we found in the *mines* beneath this room. Likewise we are indebted to you for your two beautiful daughters, Nola and Inez, whom we adopt. The other *small-fry*—children—who were left to us, we took pity upon, and have shut them in a dungeon beneath the ruins. Having relieved you of all that can be of any future use to us, we shall not again trouble you until you unearth some more of that precious ore which lies beneath the fortress.

"Signed, VULTURES.

"Cloven-Hoof, the Infernal, Commanding!"

Directly beneath this were numerous dirty tracks upon the clean floor—tracks made by none other than the terrible and much-feared *Cloven-Hoof*!

In an hour when they were least expected the mysterious "Vultures" had swooped down on hitherto unmolested Los Des Pumas, and secured as spoils a couple of pretty maidens and a large quantity of gold in the rough and nuggets, with which they had long since escaped to their unknown retreat.

CHAPTER VI.

THE "INVINCIBLES'" VICTORY—THE FACE IN THE PICTURE.

At the first sound of the savage yells the rangers, as of one accord, cocked their rifles and waited for the onset.

Nearer and nearer came the screeching savages, and then, all at once, a dozen dusky forms burst into view on either side, making the night hideous with their whoops of triumph.

"Fire!" shouted Captain Chris, "and then use your revolvers!"

Instantly there was a lightning glare of light which lit up the scene for a moment; then the report of fourteen rifles, drowning out even the Apaches' cries.

Then the rangers drew their revolvers, and poured a terrible fire into the dusky ranks.

Wild yells and groans rose on every side. Fifth Avenue Sam fell dead, with a lance through his body, and another of the hardy band of rangers soon dropped in his tracks, with an arrow in his breast.

The Indians were not mounted, and this inspired young Adams with the hope that maybe they were not as strong in numbers as old Jack had prophesied. But, be this as it might, they were pressing down upon the band, closer and closer, and the rangers could not hold out against such odds for a great while longer. Already they were bleeding from numerous wounds, and beginning to waver.

High above the din of battle could occasionally be heard the stentorian voice of the Leopard, as he leaped fearlessly into the thickest of fight.

"Outen ther way, thar, ye or'nery de'cendant o' ther divel!—*git*, will ye! Take thet. Whoop! yoop! herrow! Slap et ter 'em, b'yees. Take that, ye American Arab! Celestial Singers! how *ve do* rip 'em open, though! Yas, an' thar goes ernuther son o' copperass ter ther roastin' furniss. Hail kerlimbery, happy footstule!"

Crack! bang! whiz! came from every side, and closer came the infuriated Apaches. Their loss had been great, and they were determined to capture the dauntless little band if such a thing could be accomplished.

Among the fiercest of the rangers stood Jonathan Jeriah, and the detriment he did to the foe was equal to that of any man around him, if not more. But, at last, he became weak and faint from loss of blood, and soon he dropped his clubbed gun, and retreated to his "s'hooner." Not long was he gone, however, for he presently stood among his companions again, and on his shoulder he carried a light dismounted howitzer. The truck which stood at the rear end of the wagon was wheeled forward by Grizzly Len, and in a moment more the little bronze piece was trained down toward where the heavier part of the attack was being made.

It was quickly charged almost to the muzzle with bullets and slugs, and then, as at a word, the rangers swerved to each side, leaving an open path, the artist exploded his gun.

A roar that fairly shook the earth was the answer, and this was succeeded by a deafening chorus of shrieks and howls from the wounded red-skins.

The charge had mowed down a wide path in the ranks of the foe, and caused them to retire panic stricken.

Taking advantage of this lull, the rangers hastily reloaded rifles and revolvers, but not another shot or arrow was fired.

Morning finally dawned and the rangers, to their astonishment, ascertained that not an Apache—except their dead—was in sight. They had temporarily withdrawn, doubtless to strengthen their forces.

"'Tain't ther last we'll see on 'em," said old Bulard, scanning the vast, glowing expanse with the captain's glass. "Thar hain't er sneakier set o' buzzards on 'arth 'n them same 'Pash. We'll hev ter heevs more le'd at 'em 'g'in, I speculate."

Around the camp was a fearful sight. The outstretched forms of nearly two score of savages, marked the results of the defenders' heroic resistance. The yellow sands were dyed with human gore, and here and there lay the brains of some unfortunate Apache, whose head had come in contact with a clubbed rifle. Prominent among the dead, lay the

quiet forms of poor Fifth Avenue and "Buffeler," who had "gone under" in the affray.

After Jonathan Jeriah had placed his howitzer once more in the "schooner," he emerged from the canvas-cover with a spade, with which a large grave was hollowed out in the sandy plain. Here were interred the remains of Samuel Everston, and Al Kennor, and then, with tearful eyes, the cavalcade resumed its journey toward Zossei, Jerrold bringing up the rear with *La Belle* and his peripatetic habitation.

All day the strange caravan struggled on, looking like a diminutive serpent on the boundless sea of level sand. At night a halt was again made, and after the evening meal was dispatched, a triple guard was posted.

The remainder of the party rolled themselves in their blankets for a nap except Jerrold, who, as before, disappeared within the precincts of his "schooner."

Captain Adams lay a long time, staring thoughtfully up at the starlit vault of blue, overhead, and pondering over the past and future.

All the long day they had followed the plain trail of the supposed abductors of Mrs. Bulard and Guess, but, as yet, they were not off from the plains, and could not expect to sight them. And, too, not a sign of an Apache had been discovered—a fact which inspired the hope that the reds would not make another attack.

The night passed without incident worthy of mention. As soon as it was barely light a start was made and no halt ordered until noon, when Captain Chris gave the signal for a stop.

Taking from his well-worn wallet a map, which had been previously prepared and forwarded to the Governor, by Alonzo Nesmit, he spread it out before him and studied it intently, glancing ever and anon at the face of the little compass which he held in his hand.

They had now left the plains, and were in a broken, rocky and wooded portion of country, about twenty miles south of Zossei. Directly before them yawned a deep, narrow seam, sunken fifty feet into the bowels of the earth, and running northerly through a dense pine forest, toward the village, while its southerly course pointed toward the mountains, and was guarded by a spectral boundary of *dead pines*, whose naked branches pointed like skeleton fingers up against the smiling sky. This change from life to death began near where the rangers had halted, and presented a most striking spectacle. The seam, or gorge, was walled in by perpendicular sides, and had evidently in former days been a water-course—the bed of a deep and silent river. Now, not a particle of water was to be seen upon the gravelly bottom, far below. Either the stream had dried up, or else it had found its way toward the Rio Grande through some other channel.

After studying the map intently for a while, Captain Chris turned to his men.

"Boys," he said, "we have come a long way out of our path. Zossei, as near as I can ascertain, lies twenty miles to the north."

A growl of displeasure went up from the men.

"And 've we got ter wait hyar, or go up ter Zossei?" questioned the Leopard.

"Remain here, of course. You could do little or no good there. I find, by my map, that Zossei is on the banks of this water-course, and by following it, I shall experience no difficulty in finding the town. I shall start for there, at once, and you may expect me back by to-morrow night. Pitch your camp in the gulch here, and be sure and get it on an exact line between the dead and live timber. I can then easily find you on my return. Let me warn you all, however, not to venture too far in yon ghostly forest. It is spoken of in the Galveston papers as the Phantom Forest, and they say spookerish objects that can in no way be accounted for, roam therein. It may be a *hornets' nest*; so look out!"

"Or, it *mought* be w'ar this 'ere kitter, Cloven-Hoof, holds out!" suggested the Leopard.

"True, I had not thought of that! You may be correct; anyhow, keep your eyes peeled, and look out for Apache. Now, good-by to you."

And, touching the spur to his horse, Captain Chris dashed off toward toward the north.

The country through which he passed was wild, broken and unsettled, and as a general thing overgrown with cactus and sage-bush. But, about an hour before sunset he entered a populated section, where numerous little white haciendas and farm-houses were dotted here and there, and signs of prosperity on every side; here a field of waving corn, there an expanse of billowy grain, and over yonder a plowed field—all of which betokened the presence of the industrious emigrant from the "States."

This was the State land, which the commissioners were endeavoring to populate, and which the appearance of the mysterious Cloven-Hoof and his band of Vultures, threatened to dispeople and lay once more to waste.

On a bluff to the right of this scene, was a small village of not more than a score of habitations, while beyond, to the north and east, were more ranches and thriving farms.

Just as the dry red sun was nearing the horizon, Captain Chris struck into the one trail or "street" of Zossei, and galloped up to the saloon over which hung a sign, suspended by cords and staples to two lofty flag-poles, which bore these words:

"DUTCH FRED'S ZOSSEI RANCH."

On the steps of this edifice two burly half-breeds were loafing.

"Can you inform me where one Alonzo Nesmit resides?" asked Adams, as he reined in his horse.

Both men stared at him, curiously, but neither offered to answer the question. After waiting a few moments, Captain Chris repeated the interrogation, surprised at not receiving a reply; but as before the fellows remained perfectly "mum."

"Confound it! can you not answer a civil question?" exclaimed the ranger, flushing angrily. "Then, I'll seek some other more civil informant!"

The loungers apparently had no objections, and so Chris rode on.

"Here's a go," he muttered reflectively. "I wonder what those fellows mean?"

He soon came to a grocery store, in front of which sat a grim old fellow astride a saw-horse.

"Can you direct me to the residence of Alonzo Nesmit?" was the ranger's question.

The store-keeper looked up with a quizzical stare, but did not reply.

"Curse it! d'ye hear me speak, you old villain?" now shouted the ranger, quite beside himself.

Still no reply.

Chris drew a revolver from his belt, and cocked it, determinedly.

"Now give me the directions," he cried, taking aim, "or I'll—"

"Down thar's whar ther cunnel holds out!" growled the store-keeper, pointing one long bony finger toward a low ancient hacienda of Spanish architecture, which nestled in the flats below the village.

Captain Chris put up his weapon, and galloped off down the slope, followed by a loud guffaw from the old man at the grocery.

"Curse it!" he mused, savagely. "I wonder what these close-tongued idiots mean? Ha! here comes a farmer; I'll ask him, just for the sport of it, to see if he'll speak!"

An odd-looking specimen of the ranchero was coming up the hill, and as Captain Chris drew rein, he stopped also.

Then the horseman asked the same question.

"Can you direct me to the residence of Alonzo Nesmit?"

The farmer stared at his interrogator a few moments, vacantly, then once more shouldered his crow-bar, and trudged along without answering.

Adams was both amused and mystified. He could not fathom the meaning of this singular conduct of these people. Were they simple and half-witted, as they appeared, or was there some *motive* behind all this silence and reserve?

He pondered deeply on the subject as he galloped on. At last he drew up in front of the hacienda.

A roofed veranda ran all around the edifice, and on this a swarthy Mexican was lounging. As Captain Chris dashed up, he left his bench, and came forward, bowing with many smirks and smiles.

"I desire to see Colonel Nesmit," said the ranger, in the Mexican tongue.

"The senor will have to wait," replied the peon. "The master is at Zosse, and will return soon. Will the senor come inside?"

Dismounting and securing his horse, Captain Chris was ushered into a magnificently-furnished parlor.

"I'll send the master when he arrives," said the peon, and in a moment he was gone.

Captain Chris sunk into a luxurious arm-chair, and stared about him. He was not accustomed to entering such costly places as this parlor, but he knew enough of the country now to be surprised at nothing, however strange it might seem.

Rare old pictures graced the frescoed walls, and beautiful statuettes faced from little alcoves into the room.

One picture in particular attracted the ranger's attention.

It was a large life-sized picture of a young Mexican cavalier, reaching from the floor to the ceiling.

The face was strangely life-like for a painting, and the form a model of perfection. But, most strange of all were the eyes. They were jetty black in color, and darted out an evil, snakish expression at the ranger that made him uneasy.

"Humph!" muttered Captain Chris, thoughtfully, "what can art not produce? That is the best portrait of an evil Spanish-Mexican I ever beheld. How natural those snaky eyes are—staring direct down at me as if they were trying to read me through and through. Egad! if I did not know better I'd swear those optics were of flesh and blood."

Uncomfortable under the singular power that held his attention to the painted face, Captain Chris rose and strolled to the other end of the apartment. Happening soon after to glance back at the portrait, a chill of something akin to horror crept along his spine, as he perceived that those same snaky eyes were still riveted upon him.

With an impatient exclamation he turned his back upon the annoying sight. He was growing nervous.

Not many moments passed, however, ere he ventured to again glance at the face. An oath burst from his lips as he did so, *for he distinctly saw those terrible orbs roll in their sockets!*

CHAPTER VII.

THE MOUNTAIN GROTTO—THE MAIDENS.

'WAY up among the peaks of a craggy and rugged chain of mountains, whose snow-capped crests seemingly touched the clouds, was a huge grotto, whose existence would not have been dreamed of by the inhabitants of the earth, far below.

It was a large natural honeycomb in the cold gray rock. Besides one principal chamber, there were a dozen or her smaller cells, which ran back and were lost in a labyrinth of intricate and rough passages.

In the principal chamber was blazing a ruddy fire of pitchy cones, and before this fire, seated on blocks of solid rock, were three girls and an Indian.

The two girls who resembled each other were apparently sisters, and were strikingly beautiful.

One of them was a blonde and the other a brunette—two as well-formed and modest-appearing maidens as one would wish to see.

They were the stolen daughters of Conales Murrillo, the *alcalde* of Los Des Pumas, and the blonde was the same who met Pietro Gonzellos in the council-

chamber, previous to the mysterious *sac* of the town by the notorious "Vultures!"

Though Inez and Nola Murrillo were very pretty after their fashion, the third maiden was more beautiful than either.

She was young—not more than eighteen—and possessed of a slender, sylph-like form, a pure, Grecian cast of countenance, and a soft, creamy complexion, while her eyes were of a soulful blue shade, and her hair brown and curling. Her face, expressive of a genial nature, was now clouded with sorrow.

The Indian who made up the quartette was a brawny brave, with a handsome face, even though it was daubed with paint. He was armed with pistols, knife and rifle, and fastened upon his back was a bow and quiver of arrows.

Inez Murrillo was speaking:

"And, are you sure that the intentions of this Cloven-Hoof are what you have told us, Philip?"

"Certainly, my dear. I would not lead you to fear what is false. I am seriously afraid that our terrible chief will do as he said—sell you to the Arapahoes for horses, which can be disposed of for large profits East. Not so with pretty women!"

"What kind of a monster is this robber chief—a demon?"

"A veritable evil spirit from hell, I firmly believe. Around him he has gathered as lawless a set of humans in the shape of men & years of secret search could discover. They live the wild life of the free-booter, and as he feeds them well with gold and whisky, they are glad to stick by him."

"And you, Philip, who have won my love, serve in this gang?"

"Alas! my darling, I do, but it is not because I love the life. I am bound by an oath, for ten years, not to desert, expose, or otherwise work against this league. My ten years of bondage expire two months hence, and then if I cannot be again forced to take the binding oath, I will be killed!"

"Oh, Philip!"

"Yes, darling; I know it seems cruel, but trust in me: Phil Warren will never die without a struggle. A band of plucky rangers are known to be entering this country to protect the settlers and to hunt us down. If luck should be in our favor, and you not carried off into the Arapahoe country, perhaps I can somehow effect your escape."

"But, Philip, I will never go back to Los Des Pumas. The very thought of my guardian is repugnant."

"Nor shall you go there, dearest. In the leader of the expected ranger band I have an old-time mate—brave, true, and fearless Chris Adams, who will protect you for me."

The third maiden of the party uttered a low, glad cry.

"Adams—Mr. Adams, did you say?" she asked, eagerly, quickly.

"Yes; do you know him, miss?"

"Yes, sir, he is one of my best friends. In fact—" and the beautiful girl blushed scarlet—"he is to be my husband—that is if I ever get free from this gloomy prison!"

The bogus Indian sprang to his feet with an ejaculation.

"Is that so? Well, then, I'm right glad to see you, I count Chris Adams as one of *my* best friends, too, though I'd be ashamed to have him know me as an outlaw. And what is your name, miss?"

"Guess Bulard, sir."

The disguised lover of Inez Murrillo reeled back as though he had been shot. "You are not the daughter of old Jack Bulard, whose remarkable spouse escaped the boys in the Phantom Forest, are you?"

"I am."

The bogus Indian took his seat again, and went off into a reverie. Finally he looked up, and said:

"This is news to me, miss. I have heard of you before, but did not dream you were the woman grown from a little child whom old Jack once rescued from a death in McKandlass swamp. Did he

ever tell you about it, and of your little dead brother?"

"Yes, sir," and the tears welled to Guessie Bulard's eyes. "I have wept many times on hearing my kind, adopted father rehearse the pitiful scene of seventeen long years ago. Poor papa, what has he thought, on his return, to see our little home destroyed, and Peggy and I gone! I'll bet the Apaches will ketch it!"

"Probably! As to old Jack's eccentric wife, there's something mysterious about her disappearance. The boys have searched high and low, but can't find her."

"If I did not know her well," replied Guessie, "I should entertain much anxiety for her safety in such a case. But as the old hunters say, 'she's *some* on her muscle,' and I doubt not will fight her way out of the wilds!"

"I truly hope so. And now, ladies, I must go. I have already stayed long!"

Inez Murrillo burst into tears.

"Oh, Philip! perhaps we shall never meet again. If the Arapahoes carry us to their villages all will be lost. Oh! take us away—help us to escape in time to avert this terrible fate!"

"I would, God knows, Inez, if I could; but 'tis utterly impossible. I am bound by an oath—a horrible oath—which I must regard; and even were I to break it 'twould be to no avail. The Demon's Staircase, which leads from this retreat, is swarming with armed and watchful savages. It was only by giving an overheard countersign that I was permitted to come up here at all."

"Then!" cried Nola Murrillo, "if you cannot serve us in one way, aid us in another. Send word of our whereabouts to my betrothed, Lieutenant Weslyn, at Fort Griffin, and he'll come to our rescue."

"Indeed, Miss Nola, I cannot do even that. It would be an act of treachery. In fact, I am powerless to do anything for you just at present."

"Does this horrible Cloven-Foot intend to sell me to the savages?" asked Guessie, thoughtfully.

"No, I believe not, though I have not heard him speak of you."

"Mr. Warren," asked Nola, clutching him by the arm, anxiously, "tell me, truly; do you believe this mystery-enshrouded Cloven-Hoof to be more than a human, in disguise?"

"I do, and so does every member of our band—we are sworn to believe him a living envoy of the Old Nick. But, to tell you my solemn opinion, ladies, I am positive he is a beast possessed of human intelligence and powers of speech, e'en though his power may not be infernal. He is a hideous spectacle—a combination of man, buffalo, fish and Satan, and God grant you may be spared from ever seeing him."

"Do you see him often?"

"No. Very seldom, indeed; unless it is in the darkest of nights, when he leaves the ranch on a raid. In the daytime he remains in his chamber, or glides forth unwatched, and roams in the Phantom Forest."

At this juncture Guessie Bulard sprung from her seat, and sped toward the little crevice looking northward, that answered the double purpose of a door and window to the grotto. From this aerial retreat a magnificent view of the surrounding country could be had—a strange, wild and weird prospect it was.

Starting from the very bowels of the mountains, it seemed, and extending scores of miles to the north, was the straight and unswerving belt of timber that arose on each side of the old dry water-course. Plainly could be perceived from the grotto the spot where took place the remarkable division between the live and the dead forest—the green belt running far off toward the distant river, and the serpent of spectral gray rolling back into the depth of the hills.

Far off to the west from the grotto lay in plain view the "silent city" of Los Des Pumas, and the home of Nola and Inez Murrillo. Again, far away along the wooded water-course, were faintly discernible the dots of cottages and farm-houses of Zossei, to the north.

"What is it?" demanded Inez's lover, as the girl looked intently from the opening.

"See!" she replied, pointing toward where the dead and live forests met.

He came to the crevice and gazed out.

A company of horsemen had dismounted and were picketing their animals, while a single rider could be seen galloping rapidly off toward Zossei.

He was no other than Captain Chris, on his way to the village, to interview Colonel Alonzo Nesmit.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CAMP IN THE WATER-COURSE—A FRIGHTFUL SPECTACLE.

SHORTLY after they were left by Captain Chris, the rangers held a short consultation as to whether they should pitch camp down in the seam, that lay in front of them, or remain on the bank, above.

"I don't purtickler like ter be so low down in ther 'arth," observed old Jack. "S'posin' 'Pash shed happun ter antelope erlong thes way? They'd hev us in er trap, down thar."

"Yas," said the Leopard, reflectively; "but d'ye see them thar *m-t-s.*, off thar, tew der sou'?"

"I jedge I hain't blind; see'd 'm heff an hour ergo. W'at 'bout 'em?"

"Wal, I'll enlightnin' ye. Them thar discombobberated heeps o' stun an' dart uster be ther ha'nts o' thet o'mery old thief, *Joaquim*. He gallivanted erbout thes kentry, afore he went up ter Kaliforny, an' got smotched! Now I've conseaved ther ijee thet our game, Mr. Kloven Huff, holds out thar, too, an' ef sich ar' ther kaise, he ken squint rite down onter us, from them peaks. Tharfore, I argy we'd better git outen sight, inter ther gulch, an' risk ther 'Pash. We ken keeper guard posted on both sides, an' ef they diskiver enny bad signs, we kin sun ervackwate ther gulch, an' klime ter one side'r t'other!"

"Exactly. I don't keer a hoss either way; so go 'lang, an' do as ye think prackticable. You're boss—I'm lewtenernt!"

So it was decided to camp in the water-course. But now a new difficulty presented itself.

The sides of the seam were so nearly perpendicular that the way to get down their horses was a puzzle; but when Jonathan Jeriah produced a couple of spades and as many picks, they began to hew a narrow path slantwise down the hillside to the bottom of the valley.

Taking turns, of ten, the men worked with a will, and soon had a good road into the dry water course; for the soil was loose, and easily heaved aside.

The horses and Artist Jerrold's vehicle were then piloted down the declivity, and while old Jack set about constructing a rude lodge, for a lodging-house, the remainder of the band hewed another road up the opposite side of the gully. Then two guards were stationed, and long before sunset the camp was in resting order.

The next thing to consider was something to eat, and with a view to procuring something fresh in the way of meat, Lije shouldered his rifle and set off into the Phantom Forest.

He had a great curiosity to know what there was of the place, and scarcely knowing the meaning of the word *fear*, he did not hesitate to take a stroll into the forbidding precincts.

It lacked nearly an hour of sunset when he left the camp, and he hurried along, keeping both ear and eye on the alert, and examining any hollow stubs of trees and fallen trunks that he imagined might be the residence of such game as the partridge, bear or woodchuck.

But, all to no avail. The dead timber creaked and groaned above and around him, and not a sign of life, either animal or vegetable, was to be found. Evidently a blight had fallen upon this portion of the remarkable belt—a blight that had destroyed the life of not only the great pines, but the grass and the animals who are ever to be found in the forests of the West.

The shadows of night had fallen over the land ere

the sharp-eyed hunter was aware of it, and presently the great round moon soared up and sent a weird flood of light in among the spectral pines.

With an impatient growl he checked his footsteps, and had decided to abandon the search and retrace the trail to camp, when his gaze suddenly became riveted upon an object a dozen yards distant up the water-course. It was something that would not have attracted the attention of one man out of fifty—a single projection above a fallen log, like a crotched limb, full of little prongs.

But the longer the Leopard looked at it the more satisfied he became that it was not the log's branch—not a limb at all, but the antler of a deer.

"Celestyal Singers!" he muttered, carefully cocking his rifle. "Mebbe I'm bigly schoozled on thet 'ar objek, an' erg'in mebbe I hain't. Howsumdever, I kin soon assertane. Ef et ar' a buck, I opine he'll obsorchulate on reseevin' thes!"

So saying, he picked up a good-sized pebble, and hurled it toward the log. Lo! and behold, it struck fairly and squarely against the projection.

Then, there was a wild snort, a bleat that sounded almost human, and a huge buck sprung to his feet and glared around him.

The next instant the sharp spang of a rifle broke the stillness; the noble animal made an attempt to spring away, but stumbled and fell dead!

"Discombofferate my mental equilibrium tho'!" chuckled Lije, triumphantly, "but didn't I transmoggerfy his terresivul gravytation, tho'? Whoop, yoop! won't I sattisfacktorily appease the yeernings o' my anterlope-eatin' proclivities, tho', ter-night? You bet! and my prokrasstinashun sha'n't bekim perverbial, hyarafter, nuther."

Licking his chops at the thoughts of the future feast, he was about to advance toward the outstretched deer, when his eyes became fastened upon something so horrible further up the gulch—something so terror-inspiring and frightful that he remained rooted to the spot, and his knees began to knock together and his teeth to chatter.

Lije Mackkay, or the Leopard, as he is better known, was a brave man, with not a grain of cowardice or superstition in his nature: and to-day I doubt if you can find a rover of the wilderness, from Washington Territory to the Gulf of Mexico, who can so easily dispose of his weight in red-skins. But the sight he now saw was one well calculated to make the bravest of men quail.

From the spot where the deer had fallen the southerly course of the gulch was very slightly up-grade, showing that the dried-up stream had probably run in the direction of the north.

Coming down this grade, and in plain view from where the Leopard stood, was the dread spectacle.

A buffalo of medium size, looking shadowy in the streaming moonlight, was ambling along, coming in the direction of the rangers' camp, and on his back, with the bridle-reins held loosely in his hands, was the *fiery human form of a man*, with a *head the exact counterpart* of the beast it bestrode, and feet like those of a young horse, but *clonen*!

A long, tawny mane swept over a bull-neck from the horned head, and a sickly, ghost-like yellow fire seemed to flame from every pore of the body.

The form from the waist to the hoofs was covered with fish-like scales, and these seemed to shed a silver luster of wonderful brilliance.

But this was not all the Leopard saw, by any means.

Behind the first frightful spectacle came a score of purely white stallions in a train, mounted with tall, *headless* figures of ghostly-clad attendants, armed with gleaming lances.

All this, taken into consideration, and the great moon shedding her most spectral rays of light down through the grim, towering pines, it was a scene to shake the nerves of the most lion-hearted man.

On came the headless horsemen, headed by the Buffalo Demon—on they came and still the Leopard stood rooted in his tracks, staring directly ahead, his

face whiter than the shrouds that enveloped the headless trunks of the approaching horsemen.

He could not move, could not speak, could do nothing but stand there, stare and tremble.

Nearer drew the ghostly cortege and their demon leader.

Then came a spasmodic jerk, a gasp, and the ranger found the power to use his limbs. It was enough!

With a wild, awful yell of righteous horror, that would have put to shame the lustiest screeching Comanche, he turned about and sped down the old water-course, giving frightful howls and shrieks at every leap, and never looking right or left until he dashed into camp, where his mates were sitting around a camp-fire, smoking their evening pipes.

As may be supposed, the precipitate advent into their circle of the thoroughly scared Leopard, caused considerable consternation among the rangers, and they as of one accord sprung for their rifles.

When Lije came to a halt he was a sad-looking sight. His face was like that of a corpse, his eyes bulged from their sockets, and he quaked and trembled in every joint.

"What'n ther devil's ther rip?" demanded old Jack, cocking his gun.

"*What?*" burst forth the Leopard, dashing the sweat from his brow—"what? Why, God above us, b'yees, ther ginnywine Devil himself, rite erway down frum hell an' purdishment, ar' er kummin'! Yas—an' ther hull reggyment o' his satanic imps ar' with him. Quick! all han's, hyar! Git ther osses up outen this gulch. Ther kussed kerryvan 'll be ou us, quicker'n a painter kin wiggle his tail!"

Seeing that something indeed was the row, the rangers set to work and hustled the animals up onto the bank above, followed by Jerrold and his "schooner." Then they lay low at the edge, and waited. Presently Lije whispered:

"Look!—b'yees—look! *Thar they kum a-yoop'n!* Oh! Celestyal Singers!"

CHAPTER IX.

COLONEL NESMIT—ATTACKED.

We left Captain Chris in the parlor of the Nesmit hacienda, glaring at the moving eyes in the portrait before him.

Yes! they really *moved*—moved from something they had previously been gazing at, and glowered down upon the ranger once more.

"Great miracles, this beats my reckoning. I never knew that pictures had movable optics before. Dash me, but I'll know the meaning of this, if I die for it!" muttered Adams, drawing a revolver.

While he was thus engaged, the eyes in the portrait *disappeared* for a single second, but when he glanced up, a pair of *blue* eyes were staring down at him. The ranger, however, did not notice the change.

Grasping his revolver in the left hand, and his long sharp-pointed knife in the right, he advanced close to the picture, narrowly watching the eyes. They seemed perfectly stationary, and did not move in the least.

Raising his right hand, Captain Chris made a motion as though he intended to bury the knife in the smiling face.

But the eyes did not stir. They were fixed and glassy in their stare.

Thoroughly exasperated, the ranger touched the pupil with his knife-point.

It came in contact with a hard substance of a flinty nature.

The eyes were glass!

With a baffled cry Chris staggered back to the chair he had previously occupied, and sunk down among the cushions white and faint.

Here was a second mystery which he had encountered during the day. First the strange conduct of the villagers, and now the mystery of the eyes. He was positive he had seen them roll around and fix their snaky gaze upon him.

Now they were nothing more or less than glass. What kind of optics did the Zosseites possess if they could withstand the jab of his knife and not wink at it? It was a mystery, indeed.

Adams was seriously cogitating over the plan of a renewed attack upon the offending portrait, when a man entered the parlor.

"Ha!" he said, advancing, with a pleasant smile, and extending his soft, white hand—"Captain Adams, I believe, is it not?"

"Exactly," replied the ranger, cordially, "and you are Alonzo Nesmit?"

"The same. I have been looking for you; for the Lieutenant-governor wrote me you were on the way. So you think you have the courage to brave this mysterious Cloven-Hoof, eh?"

"I reckon if courage's all that's wanting, I've got a liberal allowance of the requisite!"

"That is good. Have you your men close at hand?"

"No. I left them at the line on the old water-course, between the dead and the live belt of timber, twenty miles to the south."

"The deuce you did! Well, that is lucky. I should have sent you down in that direction, anyhow, had you all first come to Zosse!"

"Indeed! then do you think our work will be in that neighborhood?"

"I do. I am of the opinion that these 'Vultures' have their rendezvous in the mountains, not far from the source of the water-course."

"How about this dried-up channel? Did ever a river flow therein?"

"So it is said. An Indian chief once told me that a stream called by them the Spirit river ran across the country, here. Then came the great shock of the legendary earthquake which killed Moseeiz,* and the river disappeared, escaping through some subterranean passage!"

"That is strange. Now, about these robbers? Have they made any recent raids in this vicinity?"

"Indeed, yes. A courier arrived to-day, with the news that the wily inhabitants of our neighbor town, Los Des Pumas, have been lured from the village by a traitor, with a view to repelling a reported invading band of Yanks, and while absent, the Vultures swooped down on the place, and sacked it, also making captives of the *alcaldes*' two daughters."

"Humph! that's bold. But, do you know this *alcalde* personally?"

"No! He is a Mexican, I believe, and having never met him, I do not know him, nor do I want to."

"Best not to be too intimate with a Greaser, that's so. I hate 'em like I do the red-skins—which, I judge, are the nobler of the two. Have these so-called 'Vultures' ever made any attempts upon Zosse?"

"No! but we are momentarily expecting them. There are twenty prosperous ranches in this locality, and just at present every farmer has considerable money about him. Could the robbers obtain it all, theirs would be a rich harvest."

"Do you imagine they will be bold enough to make an open attack?"

"No, I think not. They do not come out boldly, or we should then be better able to protect ourselves. They swoop down on their victims when least expected, and so adroitly do they manage these raids, that they are rarely, if ever, seen."

"Humph! Now, colonel, there is one thing I would like you to explain to me?"

Whereupon the ranger related his experience among the villagers, and all about their singular reserve. As he concluded a dark scowl overspread the listener's face.

"I do not know how to account for it, Adams," he replied, huskily. "I, sometimes, am forced to believe that a larger share of those villagers are partial to the outlaws. If such is the case, and they

know of your coming, and the purpose in view, they probably do not care to aid you any!"

"True. Then, I judge, it will be useless for me to try to raise any men, here. If all the villagers are in league with the robbers, matters are indeed assuming a serious aspect. Have other rangers than my band, ever tried to discover the outlaws?"

"No;—only one attempt has ever been made against them. That was when my son Alf, alone and unarmed, attempted to track them far up the water-course to the mountains."

"Your son?"

"Yes—or, that is, the child I have always called my son. He was thirty-five years old, the day he left on that fatal mission. Poor fellow! I would that I knew whether he is living now, or dead. He never returned. If he is living, Adams, the robbers have undoubtedly imprisoned him in their secret den. Your picture is a correct likeness of him—so if you should ever see him, do not strike him down!"

He pointed to the portrait.

Involuntarily the ranger gave a quick, searching glance at the eyes, but they were fixed perfectly stationary.

Then he compared the smiling, evil, Mexican face to that of Colonel Nesmit. There was no resemblance between the two. The colonel was purely an American, with an open, intellectual cast of countenance, calm brown eyes, and chestnut hair and beard. His age probably ranged between fifty and fifty-five, but, save a few wrinkles on his forehead, he did not show his age in the least. Surely the two were not father and son.

After conversing for about an hour longer, and obtaining all the information he deemed requisite, in the work before him, Captain Chris arose to leave.

"What! you do not intend to start for camp at this unseemly hour?" exclaimed the colonel.

"Yes, I feel that my presence may be needed with the band. Something tells me that there will be trouble soon, and if there is any fighting to do, I want to have a hand in it!"

"Well, if you must go, I will not try to hinder you, but I should be pleased to have you stop over until to-morrow. Do you propose to change the location of your camp?"

"No; or, that is, not that I know as yet. I shall probably remain there until something further turns up."

"Very well. If I learn aught that I think will prove advantageous to you, I will ride over and inform you."

"Do so. I shall be glad to see you. Here, you peon, bring me my horse."

The horse was soon forthcoming, and Captain Chris sprung into the saddle and galloped away.

He took a route through the flats that would presently bring him alongside the water-course, for he did not care to pass through the village. Night had already fallen, and the moon rose in all her splendor, so that the open country was almost as light as in daytime.

When he had left his rangers, Captain Chris had calculated on spending this night at the hacienda. But, since seeing those menacing human eyes in the portrait, something told him that it would not be best—that he had better escape from the place as soon as possible.

What was the mystery of the hacienda? Who was the owner of the snaky eyes which he was positive he had seen move?

Did Colonel Nesmit know nothing about it, or was he connected with the affair?

No; the keen-minded ranger could not believe him otherwise than a true and open-hearted man. Those were not his eyes, and he was, without doubt, ignorant that the eyes were not painted ones, instead of glass.

Pondering deeply on the subject as he dashed along, the chief soon reached the wooded banks of the channel, and turned his course to the south.

Like a pair of shadows, two men emerged from

* A sachem.

the cover and sneaked after him. When they had gained considerably on the unsuspecting horseman, and were within easy rifle-range, they both stopped in their tracks, raised their rifles, and fired.

Then, as the ranger's horse uttered a piteous scream and sunk upon the ground, the ruffians drew their revolvers and leaped forward.

CHAPTER X.

TROUBLE IN CAMP—THE NAVAJOES—A SCENE.

It was as the Leopard said.

Cloven-Hoof and his Phantom Cortège were coming into view, riding leisurely down the channel.

There were more than one pair of bulging eyes among the watchers on the banks above, as they saw the terrible spectacle advancing toward them; the frightful Demon Buffalo wrapt in his sheet of fiery flame, and his ghostly train of spectral attendants bringing up the rear on their white steeds.

"Saints from Serrokker!" gasped Bulard. "By my uncle's bones, I feel loike abscorchulatin'!"

"So do I," replied Lije, chatteringly.

"No! you must not allow fear to take root into your hearts!" commanded Jonathan Jeriah, who was now the coolest man in the crowd. "Cock your guns, all hands, and when yon combination of art and wickedness get directly opposite, let 'em slide!"

With trembling fingers the rangers drew back the hammers and waited.

On came the cavalcade.

As they approached the foot of the road which led up from the bottom to the banks, the horrible thing on the buffalo's back drew rein, and glared directly up toward the white-faced rangers.

A screech of horror burst from their lips.

Then there came a ferocious snort from the Demon, and he urged his savage-looking steed directly ahead, followed by the Phantom Cortège.

They were coming up the road!

"Quick! for God's sake!" exclaimed the artist. "Pour in a volley!"

Every rifle was leveled, except the Leopard's. He had left that far up the water-course.

Snap! *The flash of the caps was the only answer to the trigger touch!*

The loads had been withdrawn!

A howl of baffled rage escaped the rangers, and they drew back out of sight for a moment, followed by an infernal chorus of blood-curdling shrieks from the specters.

"Quick! your revolvers—are they too unloaded?" cried Jerrold.

An examination proved that they were intact.

"Now, then, take steady aim, and fire!" was the next command.

Once more they crept forward, and peered over into the channel.

To their unbounded surprise they perceived that the Demon Buffalo and his ghostly cavalcade had wheeled their steeds, and were galloping far off up the water-course; and in a moment more they disappeared entirely from view!

"Celestial Singers!" cried the Leopard, "they're gone, an' I'm kussed glad on't!"

"So'm I!" sighed Territory Tim. "I nevyar got skeered afore; but them orful critters n'arly frizzed me into ice!"

"Now," said old Jack, savagely, "I purpose thet we investergate one leetle matter, w'at stickels in my crop. Who wuthdoo ther loads frum our rifles, I shed like ter inquire?"

"Yas—thet's ther queshtyun?" assented Alaska. "Sum skunkyfied krokydile did et, an' I opine thet same ain't fur off, nuther!"

"If you mean to insinuate on me!" said the artist, standing proudly erect, for he perceived that all eyes were turned upon him, "I embrace the opportunity to deny the assertion."

"I speckulate ye ain't none ter gude ter do sich er thing," growled Jack.

"Nor are you, my friend," was the cool reply.

"Like mine, your presence in this band is uninitia-

tory, and you are as much to be suspected as am I. It will be recollected that you were also alone with the stack of rifles, engaged in constructing yonder lodge while the remainder of this organization were delving in the soil at the opposite side of the gulch for the purpose of making a second road to the banks above."

"Kuss ye—d'ye meen ter say I did ther job?" yelled old Jack, leaping to his feet and drawing a knife.

"Hyar! put thet up!" ordered Lije, stepping between the two. "Jes' leeve thes 'ere matter tull ther kaptain gits back. I'm transmoggerfied ef I kno' w'ich on ye ter suspek. Let ther bizness rest, an' we'll keep our optecks peeled onter both on ye."

So the subject was dropped for the time being.

It was decided that it would not be best to camp in the water-course again, so the rangers stretched themselves upon the bank and dropped asleep, leaving Grizzly Len on guard.

On the following morning Lije, the Leopard, and the colored member of the band, whom we have previously mentioned as Beeswax, the Butter, started off up the water-course, to search for the buck whom the former had shot.

At the camp the remainder of the rangers amused themselves in various ways, some playing eucher, some lounging lazily on the grass, and others cleaning their guns. J. J. Jerrold busied himself with his photographic apparatus, and succeeded in taking several very creditable and praiseworthy views of the distant mountains and surrounding country.

Old Jack Bulard was sullen and uneasy. He did not bear the greatest degree of friendship for the artist, and now that he saw that he was himself watched more closely than was the former, he grew exceeding "blue" about it. Jerrold, however, manifested no sign that he had thought the second time of the affair.

About noon considerable excitement was created by the discovery that a band of mounted Indians had sighted and were approaching the camp. But the surprise was not less when old Jack announced that it was a small reservation of Navajoes, and headed by his old friend, Stinging Wasp.

As among the band there were seen to be about a dozen squaws and children, it was rightly conjectured that they were not a hostile party, and consequently were allowed to come up unmolested.

As the chief drew rein, he sprung from his saddle and greeted old Jack with a hearty hand-shake.

"Whar ye bound fur, Wassup?" queried the latter, as he scanned the grim faces.

"Ugh!" said the chief, proudly. "The Navajoes seek another home, deep in the wilderness. No like to be cooped up in the pale-face reservation. So leab um, and travel toward Mexico."

"Goin' ter try Greaser rashuns, eh? Wal, I hope ye'll like ther change. But w'at d'ye say ter kamp-in' down hyar er while, long wi' us?"

"Wagh! what ranger band here for?"

"Wal, I'll enlightnin' ye, ef ye'll onhoss yer koperies," was the reply.

And after the cavalcade, numbering some hundred braves and squaws, had dismounted, old Jack explained to the Navajoe the meaning of their presence so far from the scenes of their former operations, and all about the Demon Buffalo and his Phantom Cortège. After being offered for his services all the outlaw scalps he could take, Stinging Wasp finally consented to encamp in the vicinity, and assist in the capture of the robbers.

During the afternoon their horses were unpacked, and soon a couple of skin lodges were erected on the banks of the water-course.

The Navajoes had a great curiosity to see Jerrold's camera, and to their infinite delight the artist took a photograph of the whole crowd and presented it to the chief's really lovely daughter.

This token of friendship on the part of Jonathan was duly appreciated by the whole tribe, and he was presented with many beads and badges.

Among the party there were several not bad-looking Indian girls, and the gristly old rangers began to make love to them with surprising earnestness.

Old Jack was soon entertaining a buxom young squaw with stories of his various adventures and exploits in the mountains and on the wide plains.

The maiden listened with rapt attention, and seemed to admire her white companion more than she did the copper-colored knights of the moccasin. In fact, the two got along so fast together, that, just as the sun was setting over the western horizon, old Jack ventured to snatch a kiss from his dusky companion's lips. Few of the rangers saw this act, but what immediately followed, they all saw!

There was a wild shriek, and a female in tattered garments and with long, straggling hair, sailed out from the shadows and began to beat the scout over the head with a formidable oaken cudgel without mercy.

"Kiss Injin gals, will ye, Jack Bulard? Make luv ter red squaws, will ye, w'en yer poor wife, Peggy, ar' wi'out hum'n' friends? You miser'ble old buzzard, you reptyle, you snake, you desateful coyote, take that! an' that! an' that!"

CHAPTER XI.

THE LEOPARD'S TERRIBLE RIDE.

AFTER leaving the camp in the morning Lije and Beeswax made their way cautiously down the water-course, and in the course of an hour came to the spot where the Leopard had shot the deer on the previous night.

But they were doomed to disappointment. The deer was gone.

Doubtless Cloven-Hoof and his crew had seen fit to appropriate so valuable a prize to their own use.

"Celestyal Singers!" ejaculated Lije, much chagrined at the loss; "I'll be teetotally transmoggerfied ef ther kusses hain't abductked my pill box, too. I left it lyin' hyar, w'en I lit out fur kamp, an' now she'm gone. Blast me, but I orter kno'd better nor thet! Now, I'm minus my gun, an' ther's not ernuther 'n kamp ter spar'. It's er stiff fix, I call et!"

Beeswax laughed heartily.

"M'aps dat you find de gun up in de robber camp," he suggested, brilliantly.

"Yas—I specillate ye're plum thar, but whar d'ye hev an ijee thet ar'?"

"Bress me; I dunno no more'n de blackest piccanniny in de world! S'pec's dey am in de mountings, dar, dough. S'posin' we gwine up dat way, Elijer?"

"Dat war jes' w'at I was roominatin' on," said the Leopard, reflectively. "Reck'n we will go! Jes' ginerate et thr'u' yer kernoodleum, Beeswax: s'posin' we war ter find ther outlaws, an' smotch ther demon buffler? Why! Celestyal Singers, niggur, we'd be ther dumkussedest fellers, from ther erquater ter ther gulf o' Slickery! Fur one I'm 'greed ter try an' bustificate themimps o' brimstun, an' now's ther peerioddikal minnit ter begin operrashuns!"

"All right Lije, so gwy ahead, an' dis chile'll stick clusser to you dan Sorgum 'Lasses to a nigger's heel!"

"K'rect! Kim along then, an' we'll purceed ter explurate thes chann'll!"

Leaping over the fallen log, the twain followed the plain trail of horses' feet, which had been made by the animals of the Phantom Cortège.

"Wus you ebber in dis region afore, Elijer?" questioned the latter, as they tramped along.

"Reckon not," was the reply, as the addressed took a bite from a plug of "compressed weed;" "but thet don't signerfy that I hain't bin most everywhar else on thes terrestshwul deposit o' grannit an' alkali. Celestyal Vocallists, yes; reckon as how I hev. Kno' every krook an' corner in Iderhoe, Collaraddo, Montany, 'Laska, Kallerforny an' Oregon; besides, I hev er geograffical ijee o' Washington Terrortory, 'Braskey an' ther Jumpin-off place. But w'en ye kum ter ther States! Transmoggerfy me inter a hand-made brick, ef I ain't thar! D'ye ever hear me diskuss on ther time w'en I an' Circus Pete tuk a

trip thr'u ther States, eh? Wal, we hed volcaners o' fun. 'Twar the fall arter Ginerol Canby got smotched, an' ther gang hed tuk in konsider'ble scrip, so thet we all fult like kaster-ile posy blossums; an' I an' Circus made up our minds to take er gallyvant out East. Circus he had some relashun out thar somewhar, but we nevyar got a peeper on 'em. Arter weeks o' travel, we fetched up in Washington.

"Oh! niggur, I jes' wish ye mought've bin thar, an' seen ther recepshun thet war tindered us! Fustly, up comes the President an' inwites us ter his cabernet shop—I b'l'ave he called et, an' the way he did set 'em up, war a predlickshun! Wine an' segars by ther hoss-load, an' he told us ter not be dainty, but help ourselves. He sed he'd heerd tell on us more'n onc't, an' he honerd us fur our grit. He sed, tell Capten Chris ter acksept on his best respekt, an' vote fur 'im next 'leckshun time.

"Wal we drunk up thurty gall'ns o' his kertobby, an' smoked sev'ral yeerds o' hes conscious, an' then started fur our lodgin'! Oh! Beeswax, you orter seen us! Ther turkey-buzzard nevyar see'd daylite thet ever got any fuller, nor war me an' Circus. We were jes' b'ilin', an' sloppen' over on ther sides. Celestyal Singers! but didn't we weeve wuss nor er orkas-berry in fly time, tho'?"

At this juncture they had reached the crest of the little slope in the channel, and could see that it now ran on as level as in the vicinity of the rangers' camp.

Scarcely any light penetrated the deep place except from occasional rifts in the tree-tops overhead, but this was not sufficient to permit the two men seeing very far in advance. Silence, seemed to reign over all nature. Not a sound save the foot-falls of the rangers.

The spectral pines stretched their naked branches up against the calm blue sky.

The Leopard kept doggedly on, peering about on every side, and Beeswax brought up the rear.

For hours the two men kept on, and still the old water-course stretched off like a serpent before them. It was gradually rising in grade, however, and Lije entertained some hopes of reaching the end before long.

About sunset Beeswax suddenly came to a halt.

"Sh—!" he motioned to the Leopard; and then pointing ahead through the gloom, he continued: "Look, Elijer, look! Golly; d'ye know w'at dat am?"

The ranger uttered a low exclamation.

"Trausmoggerfy me inter er Senator," he whispered, excitedly, "ef thet ain't er buffler—the same kriter w'at ther Deemen rid!"

It was indeed so. Lying contentedly down on the sand, about thirty yards above them, and munching away at a pile of freshly gathered grass, was the savage-looking steed of the mysterious Cloven-Hoof.

As the watchers' eyes became accustomed to the light centered around the beast, they perceived that he was bridled, as on the previous night, and that there were no persons in the immediate vicinity.

"What am de best t'ing to do?" inquired Beeswax, peering sharply around, lest he should be surprised by the terrible owner of the buffalo.

Lije reflected several moments, seriously; then a wild, dare-devil light crept into his eyes, as he replied:

"Ye stay hyar, an' continny the s'arch, niggur, an'—!" Here he began to tighten his belt.

"W'at'n de deuce you gwine to do?"

"Wal, jes' ye stay hyar, as I tole ye, an' I'll show ye, prisently. I'm goin' ter ride thet buffler down ter camp!"

Beeswax put up his hands in surprise and horror, but the daring ranger was creeping away, ere he could express himself.

No difficulty was experienced by the Leopard in approaching the beast. He had evidently been thoroughly tamed, and did not even arise until Lije seized him by the bits, and gave his mouth a fierce jerk. Then he sprang nimbly upon his back, just as

The steed leaped to his feet with a snort of anger. From that instant began a wild and ludicrous race.

Off leaped the novel steed at a fearful speed, directly after poor Beeswax, who, not relishing the situation, had turned his toes toward camp, and was "leggin' it" for dear life.

On plunged the buffalo with terrific snorts, and on leaped Beeswax like a frightened rabbit.

The Leopard tried in vain to moderate the speed of his war-horse; but Mr. Buffalo seemed determined on overtaking and trampling down the African! On—on—on, and the gravel and sparks flew from in under their feet, and the snorts of the bull and the terrified yowls of Beeswax make the welkin ring.

Skillful equestrian though he was, Lije was not at home on the buffalo's back, and it was only by the most strenuous efforts that he retained his position by clinging to the long hair of the animal's neck. To fall from the buffalo's back, at the speed they were now going would only be to meet instant death.

On—on—on, and still the pursuer and pursued kept about the same distance apart—Beeswax desperately determined not to give up while there was a ghost of a chance, and the buffalo bent on trampling him to pieces.

If there was one among the trio who suffered more than another, that same was the Leopard. He had flattered himself that he would have a glorious gallop back to camp, but it failed, just now, to meet his expectations.

Every tremendous leap of the infuriated bull, bounced poor Lije into the air like a rubber ball. Every bounce elicited an unearthly groan, which, together with the snorts of the buffalo, and the shrieks of Beeswax, made the din to rival Pandemonium.

On—on, and the Leopard saw that they were nearing camp. In an instant he set up a series of frantic screeches, which, combined with those of Beeswax, soon brought the whole camp to the edge of the banks above.

"Stop us!" shrieked Lije, white with terror and exhaustion; "stop us! stop us! Cuss our foolish picters, hyar we kim er-boomin'!"

CHAPTER XII.

THE MEXICAN ALCALDE—PURSUED.

"BIMSTIFFEROUS brimstun'!" cried Circus Pete, as he and his companions, on the elevated banks, saw the buffalo come tearing down the channel, with the Leopard clinging to his back, and Beeswax bounding along in advance. "Thar kums my pard, an' he ar' in a powerful bad fix!"

The rest of the rangers had gathered at the verge as had also all of Stinging Wasp's party—an expression of amusement on each and every face. The situation was seen at a glance to be hazardous, but so ludicrous was the whole affair, that the smile soon became a roar of laughter, which echoed far and wide.

There were two, however, who perceived that the race would not terminate without serious results, if something was not speedily done. These were Circus Pete and Jerrold, the artist.

"Quick!" exclaimed the latter, excitedly, as he cocked his gun. "Some one of you fellows hurl a lasso over the head of the Leopard. The moment he is dismounted, I will agree to dispatch yon beast. I can fetch him to the ground, I opine."

Circus Pete heeded the words, and in a moment disengaged the coiled lariat from his belt.

On came the infuriated bull, and as he came nearly opposite where the rangers stood, Pete hurled his lasso downward; and, as at this moment, the Leopard straightened bolt upright, the noose settled gracefully around him, and drew taut.

The next moment he was jerked to the ground, stunned and bleeding, while the report of the artist's rifle broke the silence, which had for the instant ensued. The buffalo gave a few more maddened snorts and plunges after Beeswax, who had succeeded in reaching the road leading up the bank

then the beast staggered blindly about, fell upon his knees, toppled over, and his life-blood dyed the sandy bottom of the channel.

A yell of admiration from the Navajoe braves now rent the air, and a rush was made to the river bed.

The buffalo was found to be quite dead. Jerrold's bullet had reached him, just back of the shoulder, and ended his mad race, quickly.

Though considerably bruised by his fall, Lije was not seriously injured, and soon recovered enough to relate his and Beeswax's experience.

The latter was so exhausted from the effects of his remarkable foot-race, that he was unable to speak for several hours; but, in the mean time, Lije discoursed sufficiently for both, so that nothing was lost.

The Leopard was considerably surprised to meet Stinging Wasp, for he had not seen him since their trapping expedition up along the Niobrara, two years before.

But he was more surprised, and not a little amused, at what he saw in a retired nook of the camp—old Jack Bulard, sitting upon a fallen tree, staring, with the most singular melancholy and meekness, upon the ground. His head was bandaged up with strips of bloody cloth, and portions of his stubbly beard had vanished.

By his side, with a grim, triumphant expression upon her deeply-marked countenance, sat a woman, whose costume, not the most dainty fabric, was torn and raveled into shreds. By her side lay a ponderous cudgel; and the presence of this, and the condition of Jack's cranium, told the Leopard only too plainly that "clubs had been trumps!"

"Hullo thar, Jack!" he hailed, lighting his pipe in the mean time. "I sw'ar, ye're a sad-lukin' kriter. Look's if ye'd be'n in er scrimmage wi' er mountain devil—do, by thunder! Who be thet femernine-gander w'at's squattin' 'long wi' ye? Hain't bin gittin' hitched ter 'n Injin gal, hev ye?"

"No, he ain't, thank ye!" vociferated the woman, springing to her feet and snatching up the cudgel, "so ye needn't insinywate, you beast—you sneak! Thar hain't one dipperful o' Injin blood 'bout me, an' I kin lick ther dirty heethun thet sez that it ain't so. I'm Peggy Aramyntha Bulard, this 'ere wretch's lawfoolly wedded wife."

And, administering another rap upon Jack's head, that elicited a howl, she took her position beside him once more, and peace ensued.

The evening was spent in planning, and conversing about the supposed Phantom Cortège and Cloven-Hoof.

It was proposed to sit up all night and watch for the Phantom Cavalcade, and make up for their loss of sleep on the following day. Besides Captain Chris was momentarily expected, as he had said he would be back by that night.

But, the long hours passed away, and the beautiful sun once more replaced the light of the moon—a calm morning dawned, and still the captain did not come; neither had a sight been seen nor a sound heard of the spectral band.

"Et's quare why ther capten don't kim!" observed Old Jack, to the Leopard. "I hev got er consarned preedillickshun 'bout me, that tells me sumthin' hes happened ter him!"

"I don't loike ther squint o' ther matter, mysel'," was the reply, as the ranger searched the country in the direction of Zosse, with his field-glass. "How-sumdevyer, we'll remain hyar yet ter-day, an' ef sumthin don't turn up, as MacClubber sez, we'll antelope over ter that p'int o' their kumpuss, an' cirkumnavigate ther investigaitin' committer. I opine we'll behold ther boss bowlin' over thes way 'fore long, tho'!"

But in this conclusion the Leopard was wrong.

The forenoon passed, and still young Adams did not return.

The broiling sun had now reached the meridian, compelling the rangers to seek the cool shadows of the deep channel for comfort.

Jonathan Jeriah, however, bade defiance to the glaring rays, and drove *La Belle* and his schooner several miles off to the south, to find subjects worthy of photographing.

During the afternoon a company of a dozen horsemen were seen approaching, and the rangers made ready to receive them, were they friend or foe.

As they dashed up, they were found to be a band of well-mounted and well-armed Spanish-Mexicans, under the *alcalde* of Los Des Pumas, Murrillo.

"Good-morning" said the latter to Lije, as he doffed his sombrero.

"Gud-arternoon!" replied the Leopard, coolly. "How en thunder ar' ye indetted ter us fur thes interview?"

The *alcalde* smiled, but continued, all the same:

"Nice day!"

"Bewtchiful," was the response.

"Independent rangers, eh?"

"I reckon!"

"Well, then, I'm glad it has been my good fortune to meet you. Your mission here is for the purpose of unraveling the mystery of the terrible Cloven-Hoof, eh?"

"I jedge."

"I thought as much."

Then, in a few words, the *alcalde* related the circumstances connected with the swoop of the Vultures down upon Los Del Pumas, and the abduction of his two daughters.

"Wal," said the Leopard, when he had concluded, "w'at's thet got ter do wi' us, I shed loike to 'quire?"

"This!" was the reply. "I have found a way by which I can penetrate the den of these Vultures, but my forces are not strong enough to permit of such a move. By consolidating our bands we would outnumber the robbers, and we can clean them out; you can earn your reward, and I can recover my daughters!"

"Yas—I perceeve," answered the Leopard, grimly. "Ole hoss, d'ye see thes road hyar w'at leads down inter the channel, an' thet t'other 'un w'at leads up onter the banks yander?"

"Yes; I see the newly-made passes, sir. What about them?"

"Wal, thet's 'bout the quickest way ye ken git er-kross, an' av'ide gittin' riddled wi' ca't-ridges!" was the cool reply.

"What do you mean?", demanded the *alcalde*, suspiciously.

"I mean thet I, the redowterble Lije the Leopard, do guv ye an' yer Greaser band 'bout the length on er koon's tale, ter abscorchulate—cl'ar out—me'sure terrestyel gravytashun, etc.!"

"What! do you intend to show hostility to us?"

"Sha'n't say ernuther syllybull, Greaser, 'cept thet ef ye don't make yersel' rare, hyar'bouts, inside o' the wiggles o' er mother-in-law's lip, my b'yees 'll not be holdable fur enny accidenx w'at 'll be sure ter foller. We don't over well loike Greasers, an' I'd speculate ye'd find er hellth'er locality-ty whar ye cum from!"

At a word the *alcalde* ordered his followers to cross to the other side of the water-course, for he perceived that the rangers were ready to do the Leopard's bidding, and should he refuse, a general fight would ensue, which must eventually be attended with a loss of life.

So, one by one, the horsemen filed down the crumbling path into the channel, for it was dangerous for two to attempt to go abreast; and soon half of the number were evenly distributed along down, leaving Murrillo and the other half above.

It was at this instant that a prolonged yell drew the attention of every man to the south—along the course of the channel.

A man mounted upon a bony sorrel horse was spurring madly down upon the camp, yelling and gesticulating wildly.

It was Jerrold, the artist, on the back of his *La Belle*—coming on, furiously on. Far away behind him, could be seen the deserted "schooner," from

which he had disengaged his scrawny horse, to facilitate his speed.

On—on, he came, and struck dumb with astonishment at the sight, the rangers stood motionless, and watched him approach.

Not so with Conales Murrillo.

He started and grew deathly pale, as he beheld the wild rider, and clutched at his rein nervously.

"Never mind me," he fairly hissed, to his men, "but go on 'cross, and flee for Los Des Pumas. I will—ay, *must* go the other way!"

Unnoticed, then, he turned his horse stealthily toward the north, and was well out of rifle range ere the rangers became aware of his escape. Then, he drove his spurs deep, and dashed away.

On—on, came Jerrold, his scrawny mare fairly flying over the ground, and making the sparks fly at every bound.

On—on, he sped, dashing furiously past the camp, and on after the fugitive, never allowing his eyes to leave the object of the mad pursuit. On, on, and soon both pursuer and pursued were hidden from view at the camp, by a depression in the lay of the broken country.

Wildly, determinedly on did the terror-stricken *alcalde* urge his already jaded horse, but the artist gained upon him constantly.

It was fully five miles yet, to the only place where a crossing over the channel could be effected.

Three miles whistled by.

If he could only reach the "ford," the Mexican knew he could evade his pursuer, and gain an opportunity to use his rifle.

Two miles yet intervened, however, and his beast was dripping with froth and foam, while he stumbled at every leap, and then the artist gives vent to a triumphant yell as the distance lessens between him and his enemy.

Far away looms up a lone cottonwood tree, which marks the ford. But, ha! look!

From this direction now appears another horseman, coming south. With a horrible imprecation, Murrillo wheels his horse to the northeast, hoping to avoid a meeting. But the new-comer also varies the course of his animal, to head him off. Directly in the rear are heard the thundering hoof-strokes of *La Belle*, and the cries of the artist. Capture is inevitable between the two foes, the fugitive perceives, and shifting his position so that he faces Jerrold, he unslings his rifle and brings it to bear.

But, at this instant, his exhausted beast stumbles, falls upon its knees, regains its feet again by a fierce effort, stumbles once more, and then goes crunching to the earth, precipitating the doomed rider heavily upon the rocks in front, stunned and bleeding!

CHAPTER XIII.

BEFORE THE VULTURE COURT—SOLD.

ERE Captain Chris could disengage himself from the saddle, as his dead horse sunk upon the ground, the two ruffians were upon him, and in a moment had him overpowered and disarmed. After that it took but a short time to bind him, hand and foot, with stout buffalo cords.

"Devils!" cried the surprised ranger, "what means this outrage?"

"It means that you are my prisoner," said one of the men, looking down into the captive's face with a hideous leer. "Do you know me?"

Captain Chris eyed him a moment; then the vision of the portrait in Nesmit's hacienda rose before him. It was the same as the face bent toward him now—*this* was the son of the colonel!

"You are the son of Alonzo Nesmit, are you not?" he asked.

"The same. I am the noble fellow he told you he believed to be a captive among the Vultures. Ha! ha! ha!"

"But why do you laugh? How know you he told me so?"

"Because I overheard him!"

"Then it was you who owned the human eyes in the picture?"

"Exactly; I own the same peepers you would have jabbed your knife into. But fortunately I had a pair of glass substitutes ready!"

"How did you get behind that portrait?"

"There is an alcove just behind it, opening into a disused passage. I take the liberty to use this when I see fit to spy upon the old gent!"

"Indeed! Well, what do you propose to do with me, now that you have secured me?"

"Any more questions you'd like to ask, boss?" was the sarcastic answer.

"Yes—when you reply to my last."

"Wal, I guess we haven't any more time to converse at present, so inhale a little of this perfumery, and then we'll jog along toward the 'Vulture Castle,' where his infernal majesty, Cloven-Hoof, is waiting to see you."

So saying, the outlaw took a sponge which his companion had in the mean time saturated with chloroform, and held it close to the ranger's nose. Though he did not yield without a struggle he soon gave in to the seductive influence of the drug; and for many hours thereafter he was unconscious.

When he awoke it was with a violent start, and he found himself in a mighty cavern, and the witness of a strange scene—a scene that soon caused him to chafe under the restraint in which his bonds placed him.

He was lying on a bench, or sort of rudely-constructed table, and from the position in which he lay could command a view of the whole interior of the cavern.

It was a monster chamber, some forty feet long by thirty wide, and as many feet in height.

There was no visible mode of egress or ingress, and it would seem a mystery how man or beast could be here in the bowels of the earth.

Directly opposite, but some twenty feet from where the ranger lay, rose a long dais, on which was mounted a box-like affair, resembling a pulpit. Before this pulpit were a dozen camp-stools, and upon these sat as many white-robed figures, headless, to all appearances.

At the further end of the council-room sat a dozen Indians, whose hair and crowns proclaimed them to be chiefs.

Captain Chris regarded the scene about him with exceeding interest. He judged that something of importance was about to take place, but what it was he could not for a moment imagine, and he secretly wondered what disposition was to be made of him.

Presently there was heard the tinkle of a bell, and to his surprise and horror he saw the head and neck of a buffalo rise above the top of the pulpit, and the glaring eyes gaze around the apartment.

At the same instant while Adams was staring at the frightful object in front of him, a party of four persons entered the council-chamber and drew nigh to the pulpit.

One was the man who had been with Nesmit at the time of the ranger's capture. The other three were females—the Murrillo sisters, and Guessie Bulard.

Captain Chris gave a low cry as he caught a glimpse of the maiden's face.

"Guessie! Guessie!" he exclaimed.

She turned at sound of his voice, and then as she saw him, came bounding to his side, with a glad light in her beautiful eyes.

"You here, Kit?" she cried, stooping over and kissing his pallid lips.

"Yes, darling—it would seem so. But what means it all? Who is yonder beast behind the pulpit, and what is he going to do with you?"

"It is the terrible Cloven-Hoof," replied the girl, casting a shuddering glance toward the Demon-Buffalo, "and he is about to sell us to those Indians yonder, for horses and skins!"

Captain Chris groaned.

"Is there no way you can free me?" he gasped. "Once let me get on my feet, Guessie, and I could lick the whole crowd, yon Satanic curse included."

Guess was about to reply when she was seized roughly by the arm and hurried back to where Inez and Nola were standing.

With feverish interest the ranger watched and listened.

The three girls were drawn up in front of the pulpit, and then their outlaw guard withdrew a short distance.

For the space of several moments not a sound was heard in the great cavern. The figures in white before the pulpit were motionless; the Indians at the further end of the cavern ceased their jabbering, and silence reigned supreme.

Presently the thing behind the pulpit gave an initiatory snort, and then the following words, in a deep, rumbling voice, rolled forth:

"The time is at hand when the fifth monthly session of the infernal order of 'Vultures' shall take place, providing the Spirit Brotherhood are prepared for the points to be discussed and argued, for the mutual advantage of the most high order. Are the Spirit Jurors all in readiness?"

There was a heavy rumbling sound like the muttered growls of thunder, accompanied by hisses as of lightning flashes, all seeming to emanate from the rock beneath the seats of the silent white-robed figures. The many torches in the cavern appeared to flare up brighter, and a pungent odor of burning brimstone pervaded the close atmosphere.

The figure behind the pulpit soon gave a commendatory snort, and resumed:

"The Spirit Jurors are wise. They are ever ready for the Grand Council, and therefore they please the great Satanus. Before the Brotherhood to-day stand three creatures of the feminine sex, who were captured by the majestic order recently, and presented to their Ruler. But, though he is greatly pleased at the gift of his esteemed servants, Satanus has no use for women, and has therefore offered them for sale or in exchange for ponies to the chiefs of the Arapahoes.

"Several of the same are now present in the Royal Court. Let them come forward and state the sums they would extend for the possession of the pale-face maidens."

At this juncture the Indians in the further end of the cavern drew near, and gazed at the shrinking girls.

At last one burly chief fixed his gaze upon Guessie, and a gleam of admiration flared up into his eyes.

"Ugh!" he grunted, seizing her by the arm. "Storm-Cloud, he big chief. Thirty lodges in him village by Fox creek. He gib ten hosses fur dis squaw."

A roar of dissent seemed to come up from the bowels of the earth.

Astounded at this answer to his proposition, Storm-Cloud sneaked back, and another red-skin took his place.

"Metomula great chief," he said, proudly, "an' got heap hoss. He gib hundred hoss for t'ree squaw. Ugh!"

"Me gib hundred and ten hoss!" cried the next, bound to outbid his brothers.

So the bidding went on, after a lively fashion, until a hundred and fifty horses were offered for the three trembling young girls, when the eleventh chief took the stand, a disdainful smile upon his stoical face.

"Ugh!" he said, with a gesture of disgust toward the other reds—"dey no good. Big Rogue much big chief. He been to Great City, an' see Big Father. He got many horses. De squaws must be his. He gib two hundred horses!"

A cry of rage went up from the ten listeners.

"Wagh!" sneered Storm-Cloud. "Big Rogue big sham! He only got hundred hoss. What he git do odder hundred? Ugh!"

"*Steal um!*" was the reply, delivered in such a seriously comical way that even the Spirit Jurors could not restrain a laugh.

"Good!" nodded the Cloven-Hoof, from behind his pulpit, with an approving snort. "Is there any of the worthy chiefs, now, who wish to bid more?"

"There is," said the twelfth savage, stepping forward. "Sky-Rocket is not an Arapaho chief, but a chief of the mighty Apache nation, who are on friendly terms with the Vultures. He will offer three hundred ponies for the white squaws!"

"Sky-Rocket is a brick," said the Demon Buffalo, with a snort, intended to declare his satisfaction. "Now will the other chiefs raise him on that?"

The Arapahoes shook their tufted heads sullenly, and retreated to the further end of the cavern.

"Very well," decided Cloven-Hoof. "The pale-face girls are Sky-Rocket's. Whenever he wishes to depart I will furnish him with animals to carry them to his village. Also will I send men to bring back the three hundred ponies."

"The Great Ruler is wise. At the rise of the next sun Sky-Rocket will start, for his village is three suns distant, and he must return to his people. But he has yet another dozen horses to spare, and will give them to the great Cloven-Hoof for yonder captive pale-face dog!"

Cloven-Hoof retired behind his pulpit for a moment, doubtless to reflect. But he soon reappeared, and gave his customary initiatory snort.

"Spirits of the Infernal Order," he said, "you have heard the words of the Apache chief. Are you or are you not opposed to the acceptance of his offer?"

There was again heard the rumbling as of distant thunder, which was succeeded by spiteful hisses; then all was silence.

"They have no objections to the offer," said Cloven-Hoof, addressing the chief. Then turning to the outlaw, who had ushered in the maidens, he continued:

"You, Aspero, go at once to the band, and tell them of the offer we have had for the pale-face ranger, whose camp lies at the further end of the Phantom Wood. Also, tell them to rejoice and drink freely over the fortunately high disposal of the girls, which will net each member a good round sum!"

Aspero bowed low, and in a moment more was gone, having left the great chamber through a fissure in the wall.

It was several minutes ere he returned, and during this time a strange silence pervaded the cavern. Captain Chris was waiting anxiously for the answer which was to decide his fate. He knew that if he was taken along with the maidens to the Apache village, he might hope to make his escape. But if, on the contrary, he was not, either a horrible death or an endless imprisonment awaited him.

Suddenly Aspero came bounding back into the chamber, white and breathless.

"The boys say dispose of the ranger as you choose!" he cried—"but, captain, you are wanted at the ranch. The member known as King of the Hills, is gone!"

"Curses upon him!" roared Cloven-Hoof, savagely. "Here, you Sky-Rocket; you remain till I return! The scout shall be yours."

In an instant the Demon Buffalo had vanished behind his pulpit, and Aspero also had disappeared through the fissure.

Then, quickly approaching Captain Chris, Sky-Rocket whispered:

"*Sh—! Keep quiet. I am a friend!*"

CHAPTER XIV.

THE RANCH—LITTLE FERRET'S DEPARTURE.

LET us follow in the tracks of the mysterious Cloven-Hoof.

Directly behind his pulpit was a trap-door opening down through the floor of the dais. After disappearing from the view of the prisoners, the strange being

pulled up the door, and a dark, narrow staircase, hewn out of the solid rock, was revealed.

Following this in its downward course, he presently came to a large apartment, similar to the council-chamber above, and which was dimly lit by a smoking torch, thrust in a crevice.

In this cavern were a number of casks and barrels strewn about; also several fire-places, over which hung monster caldrons, were set in the rocky sides of the wall. The further, or northern end, was piled to the roof with well-filled bags, while in the center of the room stood a tall cask, set on end, which somewhat resembled a generator.

There were no persons to be seen about the premises; and so, after casting a searching glance about him, Cloven-Hoof directed his footsteps toward the eastern end of the cavern, where a natural door opened out upon a large level plateau.

From here a marvelous and strikingly beautiful view could be had of a strange and weird scene.

Below the plateau, some thirty feet, was a large circular basin or mountain-locked valley, where some forty acres of land lay as smooth and level as on the great plains. All around towered giant walls of cold gray rock, rising up in perpendicular bodies until they seemed to touch the blue vault of heaven.

Not a visible mode of egress from this strange valley was to be seen, nor were there signs of the previous communication of its inhabitants ever with the outside world. Nothing but a wilderness of mountains rose like the walls of a living tomb on either side. Directly opposite the plateau, on the further side of the basin, towered a frowning peak, higher by many feet than its neighbors. Commencing at its base, in the valley, and ascending gradually upward, was to be seen a spiral staircase, which apparently had been so formed by the great chisel in the wondrous hand of Nature. This staircase led to the mountain grotto, where once before we have journeyed with the reader.

Down in the valley was a scene as strange as the one presented by the towering mountains—a scene suggestive of the retreat of the mountain outlaw.

A large, long, barn-like cabin, built partly of logs and partly of adobe nestled in the center of the basin, and around this grazed some fifty snow-white ponies. Here and there were flitting the forms of men attired in the garb of the mountaineer, while at the door of the ranch, as the cabin was called, were huddled together a motley assemblage of coarse-featured, evil-faced desperadoes.

Pouring down with a musical roar from the southern end of the valley, as it came leaping on its downward flight over the majestic mountain crags, dashed a mighty cascade, the volume of whose foaming and seething waters coursed northward across the level bottom, and disappeared again through a black aperture in the great wall of rock. Drawn up on shore near the cabin was a raft of logs, a flatboat and several canoes.

As Cloven-Hoof appeared upon the plateau, above the basin, a man left the group by the cabin-door, and advanced within speaking distance.

"What is this I hear about the desertion of the King of the Hills?" demanded the Demon Buffalo, giving vent to a horrible bellow and an angry stamp of his cloven foot.

"Your majesty," replied the spokesman, "it is indeed true. The member of our gang you allude to cannot be found. One of our canoes is gone, and doubtless the traitor has long since escaped."

"When was he seen last?"

"Yesterday, your majesty—an hour before the company of chiefs arrived."

"Who towed the red-skins' canoe up through the gorge?"

"Myself, your majesty!"

"How many were there of them?"

"Twelve, your majesty."

"Well, this is strange. You are sure that Warren is not in the valley?"

"Yes, your majesty. We missed him, but thought

nothing of his absence, because we thought you might have him in the Vulture court. But when Aspero said, just now, that he was not there, we began to suspect that he had deserted."

"And what do you imagine is his object? Where has he gone?"

"I know not, your majesty, unless it be to the rangers' camp at the end of the Ghost Forest."

"Ha! yes. There he has probably gone. I did not think of it before. He doubtless intends to lead the Government dogs up here to capture us!"

"So I believe, your majesty."

"Well, then, by all the devils, I'll thwart his little game. I'll send the Ferret on his trail. If he could so successfully remove the loads from the rangers' rifles, right under their noses, without being detected, I'll wager he can put a bullet through this accursed traitor's heart. Where is he, Miguel—where is the Little Ferret?"

"In the ranch here, your majesty, drinking copiously."

"Then send him up here immediately. But hold there, Miguel; tarry a moment. Why are not the works in operation? What are the gang idling for?"

"Your majesty, there is no need of work until we have more tanks. The casks and barrels are full."

"Indeed! This is good news. The treasury of the order will be growing fat at this rate. When can you be ready to dispose of a cargo, Miguel?"

"At any hour, your majesty. Everything is in readiness for a start."

"Well, then, say day after to-morrow, for instance. Start a courier immediately for stations D and E, so that the grain will be waiting your arrival. Hollo had best go this time. I hope, before long, to make such arrangements with the farmers around Zosse, as will facilitate the earlier transportation of their grain. But now, away, and send Ferret!"

Miguel turned toward the ranch, and when he had disappeared Cloven-Hoof sat upon a rock near the edge of the plateau, and gave himself up to reflection. Not long, however, was he left alone, for soon there was a footstep, and Aspero came forth to the Demon's side.

"Ha! my worthy prime minister," said the creature, giving an approving snort, "we bid fair to overhaul this traitorous King of the Hills, yet I am about to send the Ferret after him!"

"What! the little Dutchman?"

"Yes, I believe him the shrewdest man in the valley to undertake the job. His success in unloading the rangers' rifles has fixed him strong in my confidence. He's an odd one, though!"

"True, and I should not care to let him go too far away. He might desert."

"I have no fear. But here he comes."

A man had clambered up the ledges to the plateau, and stood close by, as if waiting for orders.

He was a stout, burly little German of some forty years, with a little bullet-shaped head, a round glossy face, and a form both corpulent and dwarfish. His eyes were black and brilliant, and they, together with the general expression of his florid countenance, gave him a sharp, cunning but intelligent look.

In the Vulture stronghold he was known as Little Ferret, but his real name was Hans Vonderberg.

"Ha!" said the Demon Buffalo, with his customary snort. "Is the Ferret ready to leave the Valley of Vultures, in pursuit of the King of the Hills?"

"Vat vor you wants me to do?" queried the Teuton, eying the horrible object before him narrowly. "I wants do kno' dot, before I answers your kweery."

"I want you to go immediately to the rangers' camp, where you were day before yesterday, and see if the missing man, Warren, is there, and if he is, you must shoot him down, without hesitation!"

"Dat is goot," nodded Little Ferret, approvingly.

"I shudes him so quicker as vat nevar vas. Shall I sdarts right away off, all the vile?"

"Yes, go at once, and hurry back as soon as you despatch your man!"

The man bowed, and then turned and clambered down into the valley. Ten minutes later he appeared on the river-shore, and shoved one of the canoes off into the stream.

Then he sprang in, and the two watchers on the cliff-plateau saw him drift rapidly to the north and soon disappear, like the seething waters, through the black aperture in the bottom of the wall of rock.

CHAPTER XV.

OFF FOR THE APACHE VILLAGE.

As soon as he was out of sight, Cloven-Hoof turned to Aspero, and said:

"You may go, minister, and see that those ruffians do not get too drunk, down there. We may need every man, soon, for if these rangers should learn our hiding-place, it would be easy work to surround us, with such directions as young Warren can give them. How many hands have we now, Aspero, all told?"

"Seventy-six, your majesty, not counting the Indians and half-breeds, who are continually soaked with whisky, and unfit for duty. There are twenty of them, I believe. But, captain, I fail to see what good these vagrants are to the Order. Also, there are thirty of the whites who are drunk nearly all the time. We derive no benefit from them."

"I know, Aspero, it seems so at present. But, hark ye! it would take another small lifetime to 'break in' a set of men, who would fear and obey me, as those wretches do. Though of but little use now, we know not how soon we shall be in need of their services, to defend our retreat. Indeed, I fear the day is not distant, when we shall have to disband, and flee to better 'spheres, sublime.' Therefore, it behooves us to work while there is a chance."

"Miguel informs me that a cargo is now ready for the 'shove.' I think we had better not operate any more, then, until we see how matters shape. Le Count, my agent at Station J, along the Rio Grande, says, in his last dispatch, that his ex-clerk has discovered a capital place for a retreat, along the Union Pacific. It is within reach of several thriving villages, where we could make an occasional swoop, and also dispose of our juice."

"Indeed! Well, captain, it is for you to say—not me. But it seems like folly to give up this place, when we have just got nicely settled here!"

"Yes, that is true. But let us talk no longer. See to the men down there, and then prepare yourself for a long ride. I desire that you shall accompany Sky-Rocket to his village, and bring back the horses to Station E. The agent there will take charge of them, and dispose of them at the best advantage to the overland trains."

"And who shall I take with me, captain, to help?"

"I care not; any of the band, except Miguel. He must remain to keep things straight at the ranch."

Aspero bowed, and then left the plateau for the valley below.

As soon as he was gone, Cloven-Hoof re-entered the cavern, and ascended to the council-chamber. The moment his terrible head appeared above the top of the pulpit, Sky-Rocket, the Apache, came forward.

"The Demon Buffalo is great, and Sky-Rocket would like to tarry longer within his stone tents," said the chief, graciously. "But the wiser finger of his nature points toward his far-distant village, and bids him depart. He must go. Does the great Cloven-Hoof object?"

"Not at all," replied Cloven-Hoof. "Let Sky-Rocket wait here, and the Demon Buffalo will send two servants to guide him from the Vulture Valley, and accompany him on his journey."

Then the strange being was gone, in a flash, as before, and a half-hour rolled by. At the expiration of this time, the prime-minister, Aspero, appeared in the chamber, coming from the fissure. He was followed by a burly ruffian, whose features at once declared him to be a Swede.

"Are you ready?" demanded Aspero.

Sky-Rocket released Adams's feet, and then signified his readiness to depart.

Aspero re-entered the fissure, followed closely by the Swede. Sky-Rocket bade the girls to follow him, and Captain Chris to follow them, while he brought up the rear. Thus the party proceeded. The fissure had been hewn out by the hand of man, evidently, and led to the cavern below. In the course of ten minutes the whole party were in the basin, below the plateau.

Here Aspero and the Swede launched the flatboat, and the four prisoners, Sky-Rocket and themselves were loaded in. An extra man was also taken along to tow the boat back into the valley, as soon as its cargo was disembarked in the outer world.

At a given word the moorings were cut, and the bark with its human freight shot off with the rapid current toward the north.

Soon the aperture in the base of the mountain was reached, and the boat passed into a little tunnel, where the light of day never penetrated. All was so intensely black, and the boat leaped on with such velocity, that the prisoners held their breath in awe and anxiety.

The channel was barely wide enough to admit the passage of so large a craft, and the two outlaws had to watch narrowly to keep it from grating on the rough, rocky sides.

Suddenly a flood of light burst upon the scene; the momentum of the race lessened, while the boat shot along upon the level of a less rapid run of water. They were still underground, but now and then a bar of light streamed down from an opening in the rocky ceiling overhead, showing that they were out of the mountains.

For perhaps a mile further the subterranean voyage continued, and then the boat suddenly shot out into a large basin filled with water—a picturesque little lake, in a low valley fringed with trees.

Toward the northern shore Aspero and the Swede propelled the boat, and were soon alongside a small plateau of rock, or natural wharf.

The whole party, save the man who was to work the boat back into the Vulture Valley, now disembarked, and Sky-Rocket went off in the motte of cottonwood for his horses, which he had left there a day before.

He soon returned with six wiry mustangs. The ladies were mounted. Captain Chris was now allowed the free use of his arms, but was compelled to ride with the girls, while Sky-Rocket and Aspero took the lead, and the Swede brought up the rear.

When all were mounted and everything was in readiness, the Apache gave the word and the cavalcade dashed off toward the north.

They soon left the timber and galloped out across a level stretch of prairie, and Captain Chris saw that they were on the western side of the water-course, about ten miles from the rangers' camp.

On looking back toward the mountain he perceived that not a glimpse was to be obtained of the location of the robbers' retreat. Naught but a majestic mountain towered up in the distance, its peaks stretching far up toward the blue vault of heaven.

As it was well into the afternoon when they left the lake, but a comparatively short distance was traversed ere night fell with its hovering shadows, over hill and dale.

During the rapid ride, Captain Chris managed to keep up a conversation with the young ladies; but when the camp was pitched for night he was separated from their society.

Out of his saddle-bags, Sky-Rocket brought forth a plentiful supply of dried venison, and a hearty meal was made therefrom, by all.

As Aspero insisted on standing guard the fore part of the night, and the Swede the latter part, the chief was compelled to yield, though it was with bad grace.

The maidens were given blankets, and as the night was warm no other covering was needed, the soft grass serving the purpose of a bed. At the com-

mand of Sky-Rocket they lay with their faces turned down to the ground.

His explanation was, that as they were unaccustomed to sleeping in open air, they were liable to catch a severe cold should they lie on either their sides or back.

Right here let me say; that this bit of information applies to all who visit our great West, and sleep exposed to the night air. In summer nights the hunter may lie in almost any position without catching cold, if he is accustomed to roughing it, but in the damper months of spring and late autumn, the posture of the general plainsman is invariably flat upon the stomach, with the face turned directly downward.

Experience will soon teach one the choice of position. And, too, when you lie with your face downward, and your forehead pillowed upon your arm, your sleep is less sound, more refreshing and beneficial, while your hearing is doubly acute.

Captain Chris was bound, hand and foot, and hauled near where the chief was to lay. Then, after Aspero was posted on duty, Sky-Rocket and the Swede flung themselves upon the green turf, and silence reigned in the camp.

The night passed without incident, and early in the following morning the cavalcade resumed the journey northward.

All day long they galloped on, and at nightfall again went into camp.

Aspero stood guard until midnight, when he was relieved by Sky-Rocket.

Soon after, the loud breathing of the outlaws proclaimed that they were sound asleep. Going to his saddle, the Apache chief took out two long lariats from the bags. These he dexterously fastened around the feet of both Aspero and the Swede, without awakening them. Then leading forth a spirited horse, he secured the other ends of the lariats to the animal's high hind leg near the haunch, and thrusting a cactus-stalk under his tail, calmly awaited the result.

CHAPTER XVI.

A PRISONER.

At the rangers' camp, the rangers and the Navajo Indians were anxiously waiting for the return of both Captain Chris and Jerrold, the artist.

Although the latter was nothing to them, they took an interest in his welfare, and were anxious to know whether or not he had won the wild race.

As to Captain Chris, there was not a heart that beat beneath the buckskin hunting-shirts of the sturdy whites, that did not beat truly for the gallant ranger chief. They all loved him as a brother and leader, and would have willingly fought till the last to shield him from death.

The Leopard, in fact, regarded him as a brother, and now, as another night began to cast its somber shadows athwart the earth, he became uneasy.

"I tell ye what," he said, solemnly, "I jedge suthin's the row. Captain Chris'd never stay erway frum hes brood o' chickens thes long wi'out cause. Either he's run afoul sum dumferned snag, or else he ain't, an' I dunno w'ich. W'at's yer view on ther subjeck, Jack?"

Old Jack ruminated a few moments before he replied, in the mean time keeping a "weather-eye out" upon his watchful spouse, Peggy, who, to use his own words, "stuck clusser ter him than ther ha'r ter er mountain-devil's tail."

"Dunno!" he said, knocking the ashes from his pipe, meditatively. "I ken't quite swaller et all mysel'. Ther varmint as'd shute, er utherville mawltreet ther boyee c'u'dn't hev no more stumake then er 'Pash; which they hain't got none ertall!"

"Celestyal Singers! no! Ther 'Pash ar' ther or'neriest uv all or'nery yowlers frum ther West Pole ter ther eckquater. Ef I war er kannybull, an' didn't hev nor better wittles, I'd like ter engwage my services ter ther guvverment in er Injun-eatin' kay-

capacity. I'd luv nuthin' better nor a fine, fat 'Pash, wi' smoked Komanch fur side dish, ye kno'."

"Talk 'bout coyote fudel!" said Old Jack; "ye jess orter sock yer fangs onter my Peg, hyar. Ther hain't er tuffer peece o' humen clay thes side Noah's Ark, an' I'll wager er plug o' dog-tail thet ther tooth nevyar war invented w'at kin peerce her skin. Ther kannybull w'at gets Peggy fer er meel 'd better eet her er day er tew afore he goes ter sleep, so 's he ken hev ample time ter suggest her. I'd hev guv her ter ther coyotes an' buzzards long ergo, ef et hedn't b'en 's I know'd et would extarminate ther hull caboodle er chawin' her. Why, boyee, even w'en I uste to go an' spark her, afore we got consollerdated, w'en I'd go ter try an' kiss her, her hide war so tuff an' strong thet I culdn't make ther leest impreshun!"

"Thet's nuthin'," replied Lije, disdainfully. "I once sparked er Crow squaw, w'at war so strong, thet w'en I slapt my lips 'gin' her cheek they stuck thar tighter then a ten-scrude vise, an' ther ole cheef hed to hitch on twenty mustangs ter each on us tew pull us apart!"

"I guv up," sighed Old Jack, hopelessly. "I thort I war purty goode on ther elongate; but skulp me ef ye ain't ther infernalist liar I ever did run across!"

"Thet's nothin'," laughed Lije; "them's merely facks! Wait till ye heer me tell er good squar' yarn. Then ye ken talk!"

"Jes' don' tell et now," observed Circus Pete; "but look yander. Thar kums ther fotygraffer; he's got the Greaser 'cross his saddle-bows, too, by Jerushy! Yes, an' thar's ernuther feller 'long wi' him. Look!"

Two men were approaching the camp, mounted on horses. One was readily recognized as Jonathan Jeriah, the artist. Before him, across the neck of his scrawny horse, he bore the body of a man—the Mexican *alcalde*.

The second horseman was mounted upon a superb animal, but was unknown to the rangers.

The twain galloped leisurely along into camp, and Jerrold was greeted with rounds of applause.

"Bully boy!" went up from the red-skins as well as the rangers.

"I kno'd thet beest of yourn war no slouch!" saluted the Leopard, grinning.

"She is a good courser, is *La Belle*," said the artist, smiling. "Gentlemen, allow me to introduce you to Colonel Alonzo Nesmit, of Zosse!"

"What! ther feller as the capten hed the letter to?" asked Lije, excitedly.

"The same. He assisted me, in one sense of the word, in capturing this senseless villain here!"

"But the capten; whar's he?" demanded the rangers, eagerly.

"Captain Adams left my hacienda night before last," replied Nesmit, "with the intention of coming back to camp. He explained his haste by saying that he felt he should soon be needed here. This morning I concluded to ride over this way and see how you were getting along. On the trail, not far from Zosse, I discovered his dead horse. There were numerous footprints close at hand, which led me to believe that your leader has been surprised and captured."

"An' by whom?" queried Lije.

"The outlaws, doubtless. The tracks bore the impress of boots!"

A cry of horror escaped the rangers' lips.

"Cuss the luck; et's nuthin' more'n I expected!" growled Lije, "an' now, the devil 'll be to pay."

While he was consulting with the men, who had gathered around him, Colonel Nesmit and Jerrold dismounted. The senseless *alcalde* was securely bound and left in the care of the former, while Jonathan once more mounted *La Belle* and struck off to the south, for the purpose of bringing his schooner into camp. He returned in the course of half an hour, and somewhat startled the camp with the declaration that he had seen a form skulking in the

shadows of the dead pines, and also that his schooner had been plundered of its contents, even to the howitzer and photograph apparatus.

Grizzly Len and Alaska at once volunteered to scour the neighborhood for the enemy, and they soon hurried off.

Darkness had now settled thickly over the earth, and as there were no prospects of having a moon until nine o'clock, Colonel Nesmit suggested that a fire be kindled.

"Nix!" said the Leopard, authoritatively, "nary er smidger. Ef thar's enny o' ther sneakin' 'Pash about they'll find us quick ernough, nevyer ye feer. wi'out our fightin' ther way fur 'em. Hey, thar, Jack-ay; s'posin' ye ante-lope erkross ter ther other side o' ther gully hyar, an' see how things luke thar. Thar mought be er passel o' ther imps o'er thar now fer what I kno'."

Old Jack, too, soon disappeared in the pall of gloom, and the rangers in camp waited patiently.

Sitting Wasp roused all his warriors and bade them make ready for a fight, and savage as they were, they needed no urging.

An hour passed, and the camp was wrapped in silence. All were waiting and listening.

Not a sound was to be heard save the low whistle of the rising wind through the Phantom Forest.

Lije glanced toward the east ever and anon uneasily. It was time the moon should arise; but through the thick shroud of black not the first heralding flush of its appearance was visible.

"What time is it, do ye jedge?" he inquired of Jerrold, who had crept to his side. "Past moon-risin' time, eh?"

By pressing the face of his watch close to his eyes, the artist declared it to be exactly nine o'clock.

Half an hour followed but no moon shed her rays upon the scene.

"Thet settles it," whispered Lije. "Et ar' clouded up, an' a starm 'll be on us soon—a rippin' tornado!"

"I believe it. And during its fury we may expect an attack," replied Jerrold, "if there are Indians about!"

"Karect!" acknowledged the ranger; "but listen. 'Sh—!"

Both became silent as death.

There was a rustling in the grass directly ahead of them. What caused it?

Some one was creeping down upon them.

CHAPTER XVII.

LITTLE FERRET—THE TORNADO—APACHE.

"'Sh—!" again cautioned the Leopard, as he laid his rifle to one side, and clutched the haft of his knife.

Nearer and nearer came the sound of rustling grass.

Then for a few moments all was quiet.

"Ye swerve ter ther rite," whispered Lije, placing his knife between his teeth, "an' I'll ante-lope off to ther left. Don' ye make even er squeak o' noise, an' we'll surround the varmint!"

Jerrold obeyed, and crept away with the stealth of a cat. For perhaps ten minutes he wriggled slowly on; then believing he had gone far enough, he stopped and listened intently.

At this instant there rose high and loud on the night, the distinct sound of voices, in excited conversation.

"Ouch! ouch! Oh! Gott in heime! vat vor you so mooch bull mine hair. I vas no Injing; so don' you vas pe so vast. Ouch! ouch! leds me go, I dole you, or I vill yell like dunder!"

"Whoop!" roared the stentorian voice of the Leopard; "so I've cotched ye, hev I; ye little kicker! I'll l'arn ye ter kim prowlin' eround our camp, I will! Skin my teeth, tho', ye skunk, but ye're an odd sliver frum ther block. Kim erlong hyar, and let's inspeck ye. Boyees, ahe'd thar, strike er lite; I've got er Dutch red-skin!"

Then followed a kicking and thrashing noise, in-

termingled with furious curses, as the Leopard dragged his victim back toward the camp.

The artist also turned his steps thitherward, eagerly.

A bit of *vesquas* or dry punk-wood was ignited, shaded by the rangers' caps, and held close to the prisoner's face.

The light thus afforded, enabled all to see that he was a white man—a burly, muscular little fellow, whose face at once proclaimed him a German.

"Ouch!" he gasped, as one of the rangers accidentally allowed the flaming end of the torch to touch his nose; "tot vas ash bigger shame ash I don't see pefore vor some dime. You gapdtures a poor veller; poods mit der rips, an' pull him py der hair, ant den purns der eent off of his nose. Vot vor you do *dat*? I vos no hog! I knose ven I vas got ernuff!"

"W'at in ther name o' ther thirty-'leven conster-lashuns o' stars, ar' ye snoopin' eround our kampf fer, then?" demanded Lije, drawing the back of his knife-blade repeatedly across the Dutchman's forehead. "D'ye perseeve thet I've an orful antippithy erg'in' thet ha'r o' yourn? Better speak out then. Who you war?"

"Leedle Verret," was the sullen reply.

"Whar d'ye kim from?"

"Robber gamps."

"Hey! ye don't tell us! Wal, w'at war ye goin' ter do, jes' now?"

"See off Villip Varren vash in der gamp!"

"An' who's he?"

"He vas von mon ash deserted!"

"Ha! boyees, we've struck er big mine hyar; Celestyal Vocalists, yas. I say, ye Dutch skunk, hes yer robber band got any prisoners?"

Little Ferret shook his head.

"Don't vas kno'," he replied.

"Don't, eh? Wal, all right. Now, w'ich way d'ye want take et?"

"Dake *vat*?" asked the Teuton, in surprise.

"*Death*!" was the stern reply.

"Ouch! ouch! you no vas goin' der kill me? Dunder, you vas vorser as der Injings. Oh! don't gill me, mishdter! I vas nodt ready do die. Ledt me liff, undt I vill fight mit you, I vill giss you; I vill do any-dinks, radder dan I vash to die."

"Will you show us where we can find these out-aws?" demanded Colonel Nesmit.

"Yaw! yaw! I shows you vare tey peesh, if you vas no gill me. I dakes you do der Fuldchure Falley, an' helbs you vite midt der robbers. I vash no like 'em. I gill 'em so quicker ash dunder!"

"All k'rect; we'll see 'bout thet, byme-by. In ther meentime," said Lije, "we shel hev ter tie ye up!"

"Yaw. I don't vas gare so long ash you vas not gill me," was the reply.

Accordingly, the prisoner was securely bound, and left lying near the spot where Jerrold had deposited his captive, who, as yet, had not awakened.

About this time old Jack made his appearance from beyond the channel.

"How's ther lay?" asked Lije.

"Bad," was the answer—"buzzin' bad! 'Pash t'other side, thicker'n frogs in er swamp. Creepin' up, eesy-loike. 'Pash up nor', in ther water-course; 'Pash up nor', on this er' side on it!"

"Thunderashun! Is it possybul we're surrounded?"

"'Peers ter me thet way, purty much. Heerd from Grizzly Len and Alaska yit?"

"No. Not er squeek."

"Reckon they'll be in soon, then, fer ther's a high old tornader brewin'!"

"What is best to do?" asked Jerrold.

"I'll tell ye *my* ijee," replied Jack, as he listened for a moment to the rapidly-increasing volume of wind, which came whistling down from the north-west, and gave an uneasy glance around him. "I opine we'd better scoot, jes' as fast as we can."

"Scoot!" echoed the others.

"Perzactly! Ther further we can git outen ther track o' thes er' tornader, ther safer we'll be, fur et ar' goin' ter be a ripper, an' ther trees an' stuns wull fly hilter-skitler. Ha! hyar kims ther b'yees, now. Let's see w'at they say."

As he spoke, Grizzly Len and Alaska came hurrying into camp. They were quite out of breath, and not a little excited.

"'Pash!" gasped Alaska.

"All around us, thicker'n hornets," coincided Grizzly, taking out his knife-blade, which was dripping with blood. "We'd better kerflummix outen thes, quicker nor lightnin'!"

"But how can we get out," asked Colonel Nesmit, "if we are surrounded?"

"Hev ter make er rush fer et!" was the grim reply. "We've got ter chews atween thet an' fightin' six hundred red niggurs. I say *git*!"

"So do I!" joined in the body of the rangers. "Git's ther word!"

"Which way shell et be?" asked Len.

"East, on course!" decided Lije.

"Ranger *heap* wrong!" now put in Stinging Wasp, who had been a silent listener. "Best go west—north. Ugh!"

"Like thunder we will!" ejaculated the Leopard, sharply. "D'ye s'pose we're goin' ter face er rip-roarin' tornader? Not muchly, ef I kno' mysel'!"

"Wagh! Ingin kno' heap more dan pale-face 'bout big wind. Go south or east an' 'Pache light grass, an' fire chase you like debbil—run fast like white lightning—no git out ob its path. Go north; ride slow through tornado; be all right; wind blow dirt ober trail, and 'Pache no follow; go west, de same!"

"By ther Celestyel Singers, Injin, ye're er masheen-mannyfackterd brick, o' dubble-compresst axun!" cried Lije, seeing the wisdom in the chief's words. "We'll foller yer directions. To hoss, all hands, an' we'll cross ter t'other side o' ther gully!"

As *La Belle* was yet harnessed to the "schooner," it was proposed that the two prisoners and Jack and Peggy should accompany the artist therein, while the remainder of the party, being well mounted, should lead the way. Everything was soon in readiness, and the strange caravan began to toil cautiously down into the channel and up to the banks on the opposite side.

Fully an hour was consumed in this operation, when a consultation was again held.

By this time the booming roar announced that the tornado was close at hand.

"Et's goin' ter be er snizzer, tho'!" observed Alaska, meditatively.

"Yes!" replied Stinging Wasp; "there will be heap much blow. Navajoe no afraid of tornado!"

"Now, I'll tell ye w'at I speculate," said the Leopard. "I'm a natteral-born wiggler, an' I propose thet I stretch my propensities out erkross thes prairer, hyar, an' see how cluss ther reds are, before I leed ye inter a bumble-bee's nest!"

"Wagh! yes," assented the chief; "that is good. Den Leopard come back, an' Stinging Wasp ride fast, down to the Apache, an' tell 'um dey wanted up north—dat pale-face escapin' dat way. Navajoe lead 'um good way off; den slip away an' skedaddle back to pale-faces. He! he! Fool um *big*!"

"But, are you not afraid of being discovered?" asked Colonel Nesmit, anxiously. "Will not they find that you are not an Apache?"

"Wagh! no! Navajoe dress much like 'Pache. Stinging Wasp kno' 'Pache tongue. He fool um much heap!"

"Then," said Lije, "let's ter bizness. Hyar, Circus; jes' hold my hoss, will ye?"

Pete took the rein of his mate's horse, and slipping flat upon the ground, the agile ranger crept away through the pall of blackness.

With anxious hearts the band awaited his return.

The fierceness and roar of the tornado now became greater every instant. The trees behind them creaked and groaned, the gale howled and shrieked

furiously among the crashing, weaving and snapping branches, while a perfect avalanche of dirt, uprooted grass, sticks and gravel came hurtling down from the Northwest.

In among all this, waited our friends—eagerly, expectantly.

In fifteen minutes the Leopard came skurrying up.

"'Pash off thar—ha-lf m-m-ile!" he gasped, wiping the dirt from his eyes.

Like a meteor, Stinging Wasp shot away to perform *his* part.

An hour passed; the tornado raged with fierce fury; still the chief came not.

Hark! A wild pandemonium of yells from afar—Apache yells! Has Stinging Wasp been discovered?

CHAPTER XVIII.

THROUGH THE SNARE—FERRET'S STORY.

No! not discovered; for at that moment a horseman dashed wildly up; he was the daring Navajoe chief.

"Ugh! come!" he cried, exultantly; "me fool um heap big. Dey mile off dar. We get through snare 'fore dey come back! Wagh! ride much fast!"

He then wheeled his foaming horse toward the west, and led the way, followed closely by Lije, his rangers and the tribe—Jerrold bringing up the rear with his loaded schooner.

Like the tornado that rushed fiercely down upon them, the caravan dashed on, the yells of the betrayed savages sounding nearer and nearer.

Stinging Wasp held his way, silent and grim, and it was not till full three miles had been compassed that he drew rein.

"Wagh!" listening to the awful roaring and booming of the gale; "much hard 'nado. Much blow! Wind gettin' bigger! Ugh!"

"'Zactly!" responded the Leopard. "Et ar' ther dum-kussedest gale I ever see'd—er regylar nor'east volcaner o' blowitiveness!"

"Not stop soon," declared the chief, anxiously. "Blow all night. 'Pache close behind. Ugh! wait! Navajoe fix 'em!"

What was the ranger's surprise to see the red-skin then quickly dismount.

"What now?" he demanded.

"Wagh!" responded Stinging Wasp, with a chuckle. "Ingin and Devil Snake after 'Pache. Dey no like *him*. Dey run, but he run faster. He cotch um. He tickle um legs, and make um dance the death-dance. Ugh!"

Quickly drawing one of his pistols the chief hurried to the rear of the caravan and discharged the weapon down into the grass. In a second a bright spiral column of flame flared up, which, on being fanned by the furious breath of the tornado, instantly developed itself into a sea of crackling, hissing, roaring fire, and was soon borne on southeastward, a gigantic sheet of awful flame.

"Whoop!" yelled Stinging Wasp, full of glee. "Rangers wait here. Navajoe be back soon. Ugh!"

And with another cry of triumph the savage dashed off in a direct northerly line.

Every few moments they could hear the report of his revolver; then would come leaping southeastward a giant ocean of rolling flame. In an hour fully two miles in width of furious fire was sweeping down across the prairies, toward the old water-course.

Shrieks from the tortured Apaches rose high above the boom of the tornado of fire.

The savages were truly caught in a trap. There was no use of trying to escape. The flames had burst like an infernal sea upon them; they could not escape the merciless tongues of fire in flight; they could only fight fire with fire, until a horrible death came o their relief.

On rushed the hurricane of destruction, like the red garments of a demon.

From their position the rangers watched the grand yet awful sight with feelings of awe and of pity for the doomed wretches within that path of death.

Already the fire had reached the channel, and swept across to the further side, in mad pursuit of the red-skins beyond.

The tall, bare, dry trees in Phantom Forest loomed up like specters of wrath, as they, too, became wrapped in a fiery winding-sheet.

Far away, growing more distant and indistinct, surged the pursuing scourge, while the shrieks and howls of the Apaches became scarcely audible.

In the track left behind by the fire was a black, charred waste of smoking debris and ashes.

When he had set the fire as far as he cared to, Stinging Wasp returned to where he had left the caravan.

"Wagh!" he said, with a chuckle of triumph; "'Pache dogs no like Devil Snake. Dey get bit! he! he! he!"

"Ye guv 'em er blizzard they won't be likely ter disreckoleck fer er w'ile," replied the Leopard. "But, w'at now? W'at ye advise war best ter do at present?"

"Go on funder," said the chief. "Git out of smell. Den camp. 'Morrer, go wid Dutchman, an' scalp robbers!"

"Good. It shall be as ye say. But, hold up er bit. Le's see ef all hands are hyar, alive an' kickin'!"

A roll-call was the next thing in order, and it was discovered that all the rangers, as well as the Navajoes, were present.

Then Stinging Wasp led the way on in a westerly course, while the cavalcade brought up the rear.

"W'uldn't keer ter 've bin in them thar 'Pash's gaiters!" remarked Lije, as he galloped alongside of the chief. "Reckon 's they thort fryin'-time hed er-rived. Ther varmints got in ther same fix w'ed 've bin in ef we'd gone east. Ole hoss, we all owe our lives ter ye; d'ye perseeve et?"

"Ugh!" grunted the Navajoe, grimly. "Stinging Wasp no fool. He see long way ahead!"

"Yas, ye must hev eyes like a tellerscope. Thunderashun!"

This exclamation was caused by the violent rearing of both the Leopard's and the chief's horses.

Hasty examination disclosed that the party had arrived on the banks of a small lake, into which our two friends had almost urged their animals.

"Wagh!" said Stinging Wasp, dismounting. "Camp here. Plenty grass and water. Timber yonder to right. No Ingins. Good place to camp. Ugh!"

So it was decided to stop there for the night—what remained of it.

The animals were watered and tethered out to graze, while a rousing camp-fire was kindled on the lake-shore.

The warriors set to work with their hatchets, and out of the branches and poles in the adjacent wood, constructed several rude lodges for the occupancy of the squaws of the tribe. While this was going on the Leopard and several of the rangers started off in different directions in search of game, and Stinging Wasp made a circuit of the beautiful little sheet of water.

He was highly pleased with the surroundings, and at once decided to build his village in this secluded spot.

Lije and the rangers each returned in the course of half an hour, bearing portions of recently killed deer, which had been driven into a quagmire by the furious tornado, and held close prisoners.

Soon after the camp was wrapt in slumber, for the night was nearly spent, and it was desirable to obtain all the rest possible.

In the morning Stinging Wasp declared it his intention to build his village on the site of the present camp, and he set his braves to work at manufacturing canoes for the lake and lodges for the prospective town.

After the morning meal Little Ferret was hauled

out from the schooner into the presence of the rangers.

"Now," said the Leopard, "we're reddy fer yer assistance. Ye ken show us whar ther robbers' camp ar'!"

The Dutchman took in the surroundings at a glance.

"Dundter!" ejaculated he, as he saw the lake lying before him, "you vas gum der te righd sbot. Dis lage vas vere ve gum vrom der robbers' gamp!"

"Frum ther robbers' camp? 'Splain yerself. W'at d'ye mean?"

"You berseve dot exgayashun, ofer dar', eh?" queried Ferret, pointing to the black hole in the distant bank. "Vell, dot vas der blace vere vrom all dis vasser vas gum. Dere ish von undergroundt shannel vat runs vay pack ub hill indo der segrit falley. Ven der robbers vas vants der gum oudsider, dey gots demselves inder er poat vat ish vlat, and ridtes vite away town indo dis lage!"

"Indeed!" said Colonel Nesmit. "Then is there no other way to penetrate the outlaws' quarters?"

"Yaw, dere vas von odder vay, but you vas no ged in dere. It pe inter der ghambers op der Gloven-Hoof!"

"Then, ye jedge ye kin ram us up through thet ar' passage, hey?" asked Lije, meditatively.

"Nix!" was the reply. "Shust you lisdens, unt I dells you somedings. Vash you dink ash vat all dem roppers unt oudlaws do, peesh roppin'? Dundter! den you vas all misdagens. Vash you dink dot dem Gloven-Hoff pe a teyfel? Dundter! dod you peesh misdagens again. Vas you dinks you go ride oop mit ter falley, andt lick all off dem robbers so easy ash vat you drink viskey? Dundter! den you vas more misdagen prefore. Yaw! I speaks dhru.

"Off you lisdens, I dells you somedings vat you don' know; so help me! I vas peen von robber sinze der gang vas organized. Von veller goomes do me mit St. Louis, von day, und says he, 'Vell, my goodt vriendt, how you vas?' 'Burdy sny,' sbeags I, 'how vas yourself?' He tole me ash how he vas gooter as goodt, undt dells me ash how vas I vant de mage somedinks? I say 'Yaw,' an the toles me vat if I aggompany him, he giffs me finfen-swanzy tollar a veek, do make dundter! I agrees, unt he prings me up yonter mit de moundings, ant I vind myself in one pig falley, locked in mit der beeks, vere dere peesh lots off men, in gaverns magin viskey!"

"What!" exclaimed Colonel Nesmit, excitedly, "viskey?"

"Yaw. But lisdens vat I say. In von pig champer apove der vone vere dey mages der visky, vash vat dey gall a gourt-room. Here vash der gwarders off der Deemons Puffer, or der Gloven-Hoofs, ash dey gall him. He has got von lod off vellers, mit glothes ofer mit deir headts, undt he mages der men vat manyfacitures der visky p'lieve ash he ish von Tuyfel, and dot dem vellers mid der glothes ofer mit der headts pe sbirridts vrom Burgadory. But dot vas noddinks more ash hoompug. I knows better ash dot. I von day dook von peek into der gourt-room, unt I see'd der vellers unt der Puffer dakes der dings mit der headts off, undt I see'dt dot dey vash noddinks more ash men, like any-poddies.

"Vell, efery vonce in von long vile der vellers vat mages der visky dey go oop mid der gourt-room, unt Aspero—dot's der Brime Minishder—he buys 'em off midt goldt fur deir lapor. On such oggasions ash dese, unt all odther oggasions off imbortanze, Aspero logcks me up mit von cells under der blace vere der spirits sit, in der shamber pelow. Den, ven der Puffer bulls von leedle sdring, vat gommunicates mit von leedle pell, in mine cell, I mages dundter on von pig pase-drum, shust so hard ash I gan, unt hisses lige von goose. Dem shakasses off distillers, dey dink it is dunder unt blitzen glose afder dem, undt skedattles out mit der ranch, avraid ash ter tuyfel off dem Puffer an' sbeerits!"

Here the Dutchman broke into a hearty laugh, in which the rangers joined him.

"How about the Phantom Cortege and the De-

mon Buffalo who gave us a visit the other night?" asked Jerrold.

"Dem vas Gloven-Hoofs unt his sbeerits," was the reply. "Dey vas dink dey sgare you, so much ash never vas. Put dey pe 'fraid mit your guns; so dey sendt me down mit your gamp, unt I wigglet oop unt dook der bullets out mit your guns, right unter mit dot drapber's nose."

And there the German gave Old Jack a comical glance of disdain.

"That settles who tampered with the weapons!" said Jerrold, calmly. "I doubt not that you have all wondered who I am—supposed that there was something behind all my outlandish appearance. You have then conjectured rightly, and I shall presently come to you in a new light. But, Dutchman, you intimate that these outlaws are running an illicit distillery, in connection with their robbery raids, eh?"

"Yaw. Der robber pizness vas ontly von *plindt*. Ven der Vuldchurs mage a raid ondo von goot settle-mendts, unt der Gloven-Hoofs sgares der beeples so vorser ash never vas, id vas ondtly vor do greate von sensadion, so dot der settlers von't notice noddings 'poudt vat loads of grain are pein' drawn down dis vay vrom der upber sedtlementds py der agents off der ban—"

"Sh—!" here interrupted the Leopard, grasping Ferret by the arm, excitedly. "Celestyal Singers! look! *the robbers, by thunder!*"

CHAPTER XIX.

THE WHISKY RAFT—BLOOD AND VICTORY.

He pointed across the lake toward the black aperture in the opposite shore. A canoe had drifted therefrom out upon the surface of the lake.

Not a person was seen to occupy it, and yet it was suspected that there were outlaws concealed in the hold.

"Nix!" said the Dutchman, after surveying the little bark for a moment, "no robbers in dot poat. Id peesh der von dot I used ven I gum down mid der shannels. I leabs him hitched yoost inside der entrance mid der shannel, yeshterday afternoondt, unt he vash gone unt proke away. I gatches him, off you vil pe so gind ash do gut dese here sdraps ash bind me!"

Ferret's limbs were at once freed, after which he swam out and pulled the canoe in to shore.

As he had said, it was unoccupied.

When the thread of the conversation was again resumed, Colonel Nesmit asked:

"Now, then, Dutchy, give us your views of how an attack can best be made upon these outlaws; do you advise a rush into the hidden valley at once?"

"Dundter, no!" was the reply, "untless you vants do pe schopped oop inter sausage-meets shust so quieger ash vat a tog can park. Der robbers vas got almost so many mons ash you!"

"Indeed! Then what is to be done?"

"Listen unt I dells you. Do-morrow or nexgd day der robbers vill start von raft out vrom der falley loadted mit swanzy parrels off visky. It vill gum down mid dis lage, und you must be brebared to shoood efry mon vat is on der raft, rich vill be vrom swanzy to foofsy. I vill now go pack mit der falley, so dot der robbers don' vas go and git sus-bicious. I vill get all off der vellers drunk mit drugt visky, so dot dey can no vite. Den ven you hafe shuded der robbers ont der raft, you gum up dhru mit der shannels, unt dundter you gills um all so quieger as von minnit!"

"A good plan," said Jerrold. "You had better hurry up to the valley at once, as you have said, to prevent suspicion. If the raft comes down we will be in readiness to receive it. You think it will come to-morrow?"

"Yaw; I so dinks. Ef dey do come, id vill pe apout noon."

"Where do they usually leave their unlawful poison, after unloading it from the raft, and what becomes of it?"

"Dey untload it onto der nadtcheral wharf, town below here, unt von man ish lefdd midt ter visky, vile der rest ob dem goes pack mit der falley. Den, der man vat's left, he waits dill nide, ven vaggons dey coomes unt dakes him do der villages up nort', vere not visky is solt, unt grain prought pack do der lage. In der mornings der vlat-poad coomes down unt dakes der grain pack mit der falley."

"Humph! a nice game these villains are playing. I begin to see how it is that liquor is sold so cheaply in this part of the country!" said Colonel Nesmit; "but I never for moment dreamed that there was an illicit distillery business behind this Cloven-Hoof sensation!"

Arrangements were now made for the departure of Little Ferret, whom all the rangers felt they could trust.

He was restored his rifle and side-weapons, which had been confiscated at the time of his capture, and in the course of an hour, he sprung into his canoe, paddled across the lake, and disappeared within the mouth of the remarkable channel.

At the camp, the rangers spent the day in lounging about, or assisting the Navajoes in the construction of their village, as they chose.

Jerrold and Colonel Nesmit kept a close watch over the still unconscious *alcalde*, and with the assistance of Peggy Bulard endeavored to nurse him back to life and reason.

But the stamp of death was plainly marked upon the man's features.

Whether he would regain strength and consciousness again, or not, was an all-important question to Jerrold and the colonel.

His only wound, resulting from the overthrow from his horse, he had received upon the forehead, in the region of the temple, and the only wonder was that he had not been killed outright.

"He *must not* die until we can arouse him, and make him disclose that which is all the world to us, now!" said Jerrold, as he bathed the discolored brow, while the colonel was forcing a few drops of stimulant between the set teeth.

"True!" he said, earnestly. "To lose him now, when we have got him fairly in our power, would be equally disastrous and disheartening to both of us."

During the day the Navajoes had erected some twenty substantial lodges, and as darkness fell, initiatory camp-fires were built before each, presenting a strange and picturesque scene.

Life and Circus Pete had been out for a two hours' scout, but returned with the good news that no hostile foes were in sight.

Sentinels were posted, and the night passed away without incident.

In the morning active preparations were made for the reception of the expected raft of outlaws, under the superintendence of the Leopard.

Stinging Wasp, with his seventy-five warriors, was concealed along the shore, on either side of the opening into the channel, and in such a position that they could pour in a destructive fire upon the enemy the instant they appeared.

Life and his men held themselves aloof, in the background, but all were ready for a rush up the channel, when the right moment arrived.

Jerrold, Colonel Nesmit and a couple Navajoes had decided to remain at the camp, and take no part in the coming butchery. The former were anxious to be with their prisoner; the latter were left to protect the squaws.

Slowly the forenoon dragged by, but no outlaws came. Did they know of the trap that was waiting to spring upon them? Had Little Ferret warned them? Life was asking himself these questions, when Alaska touched him on the arm.

"Listen!" he whispered.

The ranger instantly obeyed.

The notes of a loud boisterous song came floating out from the black depths within the mouth of the channel, growing more distinct each moment.

The raft was coming!

Quickly the Leopard glanced toward the Navajoes. Ah! they, too, had heard the song, and were eagerly waiting. They had slung their carabines to their backs, and were fitting arrows to their bows. Their reason for doing this now became obvious.

The arrows would make no loud report, to accuse the outlaws in the valley.

Near and more distinct came the strains of song, emanating from the coarse ruffians, who were approaching an unsuspected and sudden end of their journey.

Nearer—nearer, and then there was a shout, and the raft leaped from its subterranean course, and glided out upon the placid waters of the sunlit lake, with its freight of life, and distilled spirit of hell!

There were two score of them—all great brawny fellows, with bloated, evil faces, wild haggard eyes; and each man was in a standing position as the raft debouched into the little sheet of water.

The Navajoes needed no more.

Instantaneously the twang of bows resounded upon the air, and a perfect cloud of arrows swept down upon the outlaws.

Strange to say not an arrow failed to bury itself in the flesh of its victim.

Thirty of the ruffians fell dead in their tracks, while the remaining ten, all more or less wounded and disabled, attempted to plunge overboard and escape.

But it was a vain endeavor.

Like an army of avenging demons, the Navajoes sprung into their newly-made canoes, and gave chase. Without mercy the other ten were killed, and two score of reeking scalps hung at the victors' belts a few moments later.

Flushed at his great success, Stinging Wasp then was about to make a rush up the channel, when the Leopard checked him.

"Wait, Injin!" he said, wisely, "don' ye git too rampageous, now. Jes' wait an hour er so, an' gi' ther Dutchman er chance ter git ther rest o' ther gang chock-full o' essence, then we'll *all go*!"

The Navajoes acquiesced with ill grace, and the whole band waited an hour before entering the subterranean pass.

In the mean time the bodies of the dead outlaws were sent to the bottom of the lake, and the raft towed ashore in the vicinity of the Indian camp.

Some time was consumed in unloading the barrels; then Stinging Wasp led his warriors into the channel followed by Life and the rangers.

At first a deal of trouble was experienced in braving the mass of wildly roaring waters, which tore furiously down the great tunnel.

In depth the water reached to the invaders' arm-pits, and it was only inch by inch that any advance could be made. The roar and splash was deafening and the darkness intense.

Finally, however, Stinging Wasp made the discovery that an immense rope was drawn along the left wall, to which they could cling and thus greatly facilitate their movements.

Advantage was taken of this and the whole party moved on with considerable speed.

For perhaps two hours the watery journey was continued, when suddenly from far ahead, came a faint gleam of bright light; they were nearing the entrance to the valley.

On pressed the Navajoes wildly, eagerly.

The opening into the valley was not twenty rods beyond, when a low "halloo" echoed through the water-course. It was instantly recognized as the salutation of Little Ferret, and he was commanded to advance.

"Dundter!" he gasped, as he came up. "I vas dink ash vat you nefer vas comin', you peesh so longt. I got dum robbers all so trunk ash puzzards."

"Good!" said Life. "Now wull et be necessary fur ter g'ard this pass?"

"Yaw! Robbers maype dry ter esgape nit dis channel. Rangers sday here, unt let nopodys get py."

Ingings go up mit der falley in gill 'um robbers, Ferret show 'em!"

A short consultation was held, and it was decided to adopt the Teuton's plan, though Life and his men were as eager as the Navajoes to take part in the coming affray.

Stinging Wasp, however, promised that Cloven-Hoof and his spirit jurors should be taken prisoners, and handed over to the rangers, at the termination of the battle; which somewhat appeased their desire to be in at the death.

When all this was satisfactorily arranged, Ferret went in among the savages, and they moved away.

With anxiety, and fear of the consequences, the rangers waited, and listened intently, each moment. Ere long the Navajoe war-whoops were heard and the reports of rapidly discharged weapons were faintly borne in through the long passage to the rangers' ears. Then came scarce audible yells, and death-shrieks; the battle had commenced!

Soon numerous bodies came dashing down against the rangers, but as they were invariably those of dead and scalpless outlaws, they were permitted to rush on, with the wildly roaring waters.

An hour passed, and no sounds of further conflict were to be heard. The rangers grew chilled and impatient in their half-submerged position, and after waiting several minutes longer, they involuntarily moved forward, toward the valley.

Near the aperture-exit, they ran suddenly against Stinging Wasp, who was coming to meet them.

"Wagh!" said the chief, gladly. "Navajoe was comin' for rangers. Good! Foller Stinging Wasp! Ugh! his braves scalp all robbers. Capture Buffalo Devil and him white-robed dogs. Wagh! come!"

And he turned, and led the way into the Vulture Valley.

CHAPTER XX.

RELEASED—JOYFUL RECOGNITION—WESLYN.

WE must now return to Sky-Rocket's camp. When the chief stuck the prickly cactus stalk under the animal's tail, as a natural consequence, that tormented creature gave a snort of pain and terror, and sprung away. Then it became aware of the load attached to its leg, and growing still more frightened bounded off madly over the prairie, uttering savage screams and shrieks, of a character terrible to hear. On, and away tore the frenzied beast, dragging its freight of human lives, over rocks, into yawning *arroyos*, over ragged crags and through streams of muddy water—away! away! seemingly gone perfectly mad.

The howls of the helpless robbers rose loud and high above the vicious screams of the horse, and awakened the four prisoners in the camp, exciting them to the greatest pitch of surprise and anxiety.

Soon, however, the wild sounds grew more and more indistinct, and finally died out altogether.

"What is it?" asked Captain Chris, as the cunning chief advanced to where the prisoners stood. "Those were the most frightful howls and screeches I ever listened to!"

A merry laugh burst from the Apache's lips.

"Wagh!" he said, drawing his knife and cutting the ranger's bonds; "the outlaws are kissing the prairie, like the morning dews. Danger gone. Pale-face and squaws free!"

A glad cry escaped the lips of both the maidens and Captain Chris.

"Who are you?" demanded the ranger, grasping the chief's hand, and shaking it heartily. "You told me in the cavern that you were a friend, but I know not yet to whom I and these young ladies are indebted for our release!"

"Wagh!" was the reply, in a cold tone; "Sky-Rocket is a friend. Let that suffice till morning, when all will be explained. The pale-faces must now sleep, for we shall ride many miles on the morrow. Ugh!"

Without more ado the savage threw himself upon the ground and left the others to do the same, which

they soon did, and in a few moments the camp was once more wrapt in silence.

All fell asleep except Sky-Rocket.

He was awake and watchful; and as soon as he was satisfied that the others slumbered, he cautiously arose and stole from the camp. On the prairie, half a mile distant, was a buffalo-wallow of water, and to this he made his way.

When he left the wallow and returned to the camp, all that was left of the Apache chief was the garb, for his face was as white as that of Captain Chris, the paint and stain having been removed by free applications of water.

He proceeded to kindle a small fire of dry weeds, and cook a few slices of dried venison over the flames; and by the time morning dawned, and Adams and the girls awoke, he had the breakfast all prepared.

Inez Murrillo was the first to awaken, and as she gazed around her, and her eyes fell upon the face of the man by the fire, she gave a wild, glad cry, sprung to her feet, and rushed toward him.

He arose with a pleased smile, and extended his open arms, into which she flung herself, eagerly.

"Inez! are you glad to see me?" he said, caressing her fondly.

"Oh, Philip! yes—of course I am. Oh! I am so glad—so glad!"

"Did you know me, dear, in my Indian guise?"

"Indeed, no! You looked so different in the Apache dress and hideous paint, from what you did when you visited us in the grotto. But I began to suspect a little, though, yesterday."

"Humph! I flatter myself I fooled Cloven Hoof and his gang pretty nicely!" laughed the King of the Hills; "though I must admit I trembled when in the council-chamber, lest I should be detected. It was a wonder that I got away as easily as I did."

By this time Captain Chris and Nola and Guess had awakened, and were approaching—the two beautiful maidens leaning on the ranger chief's arm.

As the eyes of the captain rested upon the handsome face of Phil Warren, he uttered a cry of surprise, and drew back sternly.

"You here, man!" he exclaimed, his countenance growing white and red by turns. "What means this intrusion?"

Warren came forward fearlessly, and extending his hand, said:

"Sir, you have but to touch my hand, and I will explain—all, to your satisfaction, I doubt not."

Adams drew back, and refused the proffered treaty disdainfully.

"Back! villain!" he cried, bitterly. "I would as soon touch a serpent. You are a traitor—worse, a murderer!"

"Nay," replied the other, calmly, "not a murderer. Listen to me, Kit Adams, and you shall hear all—all, as true as the God in Heaven bears me witness."

"Thirteen years ago you organized a ranger band up in Montana, out of the most reckless and daring spirits on the wild frontier. You led them into the midst of Indian warfare, and won for them and yourself a name that is never to be forgotten by the old settlers of that region. Among your band was a dashing young adventurer named Phil Warren, whom you loved as a brother, and who loved you in return, until the crisis came, when a coldness sprung up between you and me. That crisis was this: Boys, in fact, as we were, we both fell in love with an old trapper's daughter—sweet Eva Leigh. Yours was an infatuation of youth—mine was a passionate truth of adoration.

"Jacob Leigh, although a rough old trapper, had spent years in the gold mines, and had buried beneath his cabin an immense quantity of the precious metal; a fact which reached the ears of another member of your band, who had but recently joined it. This gold was the root of all evil.

"Eva loved me—you she respected. Her father

hated me, for some reason I could never divine; while, on the contrary, he fairly worshiped you, and determined that Eva should become your wife.

"A coldness sprung up between us on Eva's account; that you treated me insultingly, you cannot deny; that I returned fire for fire, I will not deny.

"Finally, you declared me no longer a member of your band, and bade me clear out. It stung me to madness. I was ready for anything; the devil was at hand to take advantage of my condition.

"His agent, Siaso Dreka, the new member, came to me and told me he had a band of outlaws close by, and they were going to attack Leigh's cabin; if I would join, Eva should be mine. I jumped at the chance.

"The attack was made. I got Eva away in safety; the outlaws got the gold, and murdered Jacob Leigh. I fled with Eva down into Kansas, and there we were married.

"But the fates were against me. My little wife died, and I was left alone—a fugitive from justice; for you had set the hounds of the law upon my track, telling them I was the murderer of Jacob Leigh. Soon after this I met Siaso Dreka in Zossei. Here I found that he was not Dreka at all, but Alf Nesmit, the son of a leading citizen.

"He told me of an enormous project he had in view, and under penalty of being delivered up to justice as a murderer—for he had the evidence all against me—I was compelled to promise to join his future band—ay, to swear it, as I hoped to be saved from the fiery pit of hell.

"I was then permitted to go free, till the project was in working order, but I was conscious of being constantly watched by the spies of my evil genius.

"I roamed around for years—here, there and everywhere. I was like a wild man half of the time. At last I entered the service of *Alcalde* Murillo, as a confidential servant, and I learned many secrets of his black life—one of which relates to Miss Bulard, here—and in the bargain fell desperately in love with Inez, who is here beside me, my promised bride.

"When the Vulture band was thoroughly organized, I was captured, taken to their retreat, and again forced to swear an oath—a horrible oath, of ten years' servitude in the interests of the order. Fortunately, I did the terrible commander a valuable service a short time ago, and he declared my sworn ten years of servitude should expire two months hence. When that time arrived, had I stayed in the valley, I would doubtless have been compelled to repeat the oath. But I did not stay; I longed for freedom.

"After the attack was made on Los Des Pumas, and Inez and Nola were brought to our retreat, I resolved to escape, and take them and Miss Bulard with me.

"You know nearly all the rest. Cloven-Hoof had sent couriers from the valley to the Indians, offering for sale the maidens, and requesting a visit. I knew of this; I slipped from the valley, waylaid an Apache chief, donned his garb, bought you away from the Arapahoes, and now I've set you free.

"I am done, sir. You have listened to the truth, and nothing but the truth. Here are my pistols, Kit. I am a traitor, as you say, but not a murderer. Shoot me, if you like; I'll offer no resistance."

Captain Chris sprung forward—sprung forward not to touch the extended weapons, but to clasp the other hand of his former mate, and shake it heartily.

"I believe you, Phil, old boy; I believe you!" he said, huskily, the tears standing in his eyes. "We were both wrong, then, Phil; I for treating you like a dog; you for betraying your trust, and putting the stain of suspected crime upon your name. We were both wrong. Poor Eva! It is perhaps well you took her from me. I find, since meeting my darling Guessie, here, that I never before knew what it was to really love. Forgive me, old boy, as I freely do forgive you, and let us once more be brothers, as of old!"

The next instant the two men were locked in each other's embrace, and they wept tears of joy and gratitude.

Many, then, were the scenes that were rehearsed of olden times, and the congratulations offered. In fact, the morning had well advanced, and the meat done to a crisp, ere a thought was entertained of eating, so great was the joy in the little camp.

Pretty Guessie and Inez were supremely happy in the society of their stalwart ranger lovers, and Nola would have been, hinted Inez, had Lieutenant Weslyn, of Fort Griffin, been present.

At last the morning meal was dispatched, and then Warren declared it the best plan to go directly back over the course they had come, for at least a mile; then strike across to the water-course, and pursue it southward, until the rangers' camp was reached.

Captain Chris agreeing, the whole party mounted, and were about to dash gayly off, when Nola descried a horseman spurring down toward them from the northeast.

The little band waited, and soon an officer of the lieutenant's rank galloped up. He proved to be the betrothed of Nola, jolly Tom Weslyn, all the way over from Griffin, to visit his darling, whom he was calculating to seek out, at Los Des Pumas.

Thus the cavalcade was made complete, and right merrily they dashed off over the prairies; the ringing laughter, now and then, as they galloped along, denoted better than words could express that all were elated in spirits.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE DEATH CONFESSION—STRANGE DISCLOSURES.

IN the little mountain-locked valley, the rangers beheld a strange and startling sight.

Bodies of slain and scalped outlaws were strewn about over the level, and the earth was literally soaked with human blood. Here and there lay a Navajoe warrior, where he had fallen, at the hands of the enemy.

Savage-faced and grim were full three-score of Stinging Wasp's band, drawn up in military line on one side of the valley, their belts loaded with reeking scalps; their whole demeanor indicative of triumph and victory.

Under guard, in front of the Indians' lances, cowered the frightful Demon Buffalo and his spectral Spirit Jurors.

They had been surprised and captured, uninjured. "Have ye smothered 'em all?" asked the Leopard, "save them prisoners, yander?"

"Ugh! yes. Navajoe got 'em many scalp. Lose only fifteen braves. Wagh! let the rangers come. Stinging Wasp will show 'em round."

Then followed a thorough inspection of the outlaws' stronghold.

It was found that there were numerous caverns and chambers in the soft limestone mountain-sides, besides the council room and the apartment beneath it, all of which were in most constant use by the illicit distillers. Their capacity for producing illegal whisky was found to be something immense.

Large quantities of the requisite machinery and apparatus for manufacturing the liquor were found, and it was discovered that a perfectly-working distillery had been running for months in the hills, while the country was being excited to a high pitch of superstition over the doings of Cloven-Hoof and his Vultures, who, when questioned, acknowledged that their raids throughout the settlements were merely *blinds*, to keep the settlers from divining the real intentions and operations of the brotherhood.

All the upper settlements within a radius of fifty miles were kept constantly supplied, and the revenue taxes were saved by the Order, to say nothing of the great profit realized from the whisky itself.

Several thousand dollars were unearthed from the floor of the court-chamber, at the suggestion of Little Ferret, and when the rangers had ascertained all that remained to be known, it was proposed to return to the camp on the lake-shore.

As the Dutchman understood managing the flat-boat, the prisoners were loaded in it and started off down the channel under a strong guard of Navajoes, while Stinging Wasp and the rest of his band, together with Lije and the rangers, brought up the rear.

Camp was reached in due time, and Colonel Nesmit and Jerrold were apprised of the raid into the Vulture stronghold and of the discoveries made there.

The former was considerably interested, as he was in the service of the Government, and noted down all facts deemed worthy of notice in a report he intended to submit to the higher authorities.

As it was growing dark, it was resolved that nothing should be done with the captives until the following day, when they would be duly tried and treated to the full code of border justice.

They were consequently placed under a strict guard of Navajoe braves, and preparations for the night were made.

On consulting with Colonel Nesmit, the Leopard decided to turn over the illicit whisky to Stinging Wasp for his share of the spoils, while the rangers kept the gold as their booty.

The liquor was received with many thanks by the old chief, and he proceeded at once to deal it out with a liberal hand to his warriors. As a natural consequence, they got ingloriously drunk in celebration of their recent victory.

The night passed away, and in the morning arrangements were made for the trial of the captives.

But, before the hour arrived for said trial, considerable excitement was created by the awakening of the *alcalde*, Conales Murrillo, who clamorously demanded that all the camp should assemble around his death-couch, as he had a confession to make, to which he wanted all to bear witness.

This request was of course obeyed, and the rangers and Indians alike drew respectfully near; for when standing, as it were, in the presence of the grim monster, Death, they, as of one accord, felt somewhat awed and impressed.

The dying man was lying on a bunk of leaves and moss, near the lake-shore, which the skillful hands of Peggy Bulard had fashioned out for him, and he was very white and ghastly in appearance. Plainly on his brow was stamped the signet of death.

He appeared to be in full possession of his mind and senses, and when the crowd had assembled close by he turned to the artist, Jerrold, who was kneeling by his side.

"Arthur Trevor," he spoke in husky tones, while the tears came to his eyes, "I am dying—dying, and with my soul burdened with crime. I know not how I will be received in the next world; I dare not think of it. For hours I have been conscious, though it was unknown to you, during which time the good and bad of my nature have been each struggling for the mastery. Thank the Lord, the good has triumphed, and I shall make to you disclosures of my past life, cost what it may.

"Listen to me, Arthur Trevor, and you, Colonel Nesmit; listen, and remember each word that interests you; for my moments on earth are numbered, and I shall speak direct to the point.

"I will go back, Arthur Trevor, to those long ago days, when we were young college chums at Harvard—true and inseparable friends, devoted students, and wild harum-scarum fellows, the pet of the ladies, and the pride of our class. Those were happy days, Trevor—perhaps the happiest days that either you or I have ever spent.

"I will commence with the time when we both loved a beautiful belle of our set—an accomplished, pure-hearted and winning maiden, whom all loved—whom we worshiped.

"She was a prize, was Aileen Le Clercq, and you won her—won her fairly, I afterward found, but at the time I was mad over my defeat, and believed you to be guilty of all imaginable crimes; cursed you and her; cursed my own friends and my God, all alike, in my insane fury.

"Then and there I began to wade deeply into crime and wickedness. I was utterly regardless as to what stain I put onto my hitherto good name; I sought and found solace in debauchery, and associated with characters of the lowest stamp.

"I was only in moderate circumstances, and, very naturally, I longed for riches. Had I been a millionaire-prospective, like yourself, Arthur Trevor, I, instead of you, would have won the hand of Aileen Le Clercq in marriage.

"As it was, I was a beggar; you won her, and I swore I'd have revenge. You married her, and two lovely little twin children were born you—a boy and a girl, and both the picture of their angel of a mother. Oh! how proud you were of these tiny darlings, and how devotedly you watched over them! But, you were destined to lose them—to lose all you held dear to you, and that, too, through my wickedness."

The artist groaned.

"At the time I arrived at this determination, I was stopping at a small squatters' settlement on the Missouri river. One black and stormy night, I quitted the place, and rode southward in search of some spot where I could drop the twins and rid myself forever of them, and at the same time put them forever beyond your reach.

"I found a suitable hiding-place after hours of riding—a lonely old swamp on the river-bottom, near which stood a deserted cabin. I tied rocks to the clothing of the male child, and drowned it in a pool of still, clear water. The piercing shrieks of the little thing are yet ringing in my ears. I grew nervous, hurled the other child into the water, and fled; heartily glad that the job was done with. I came immediately to Texas, and wedded a Mexican woman of wealth.

"She was the daughter of an old Spanish *alcalde*, and it proved a fortunate match for me. Two children were born us; one a dark-eyed little girl, the image of its mother; the other, a genuine counterpart of the old Spanish don. I hated the young imp from the moment my eyes rested upon it, and resolved, rather than to rear it with such a feeling, to dispose of it.

"Yes," resumed the culprit, "through my wickedness I obtained a sweet revenge when you least expected me.

"One day, I sent you a telegram from a distant town, purporting to come from a relative of yours, and requesting your presence immediately, as your cousin was dying. You flew off on your mission. I was at hand, and of course called upon your wife. She at first received me cordially, but when I proposed that she should fly with me, to some distant land, she treated me as a vile thing to be spurned from her path.

"I grew enraged; and in a moment of terrible fury, I killed her—ay, killed her, Arthur Trevor, and when you returned from your wild-goose chase, you found your loving wife a corpse, and your twin babes gone!

"Probably it was the most cruel blow I could have dealt you. Anyhow, it satisfied my truly insane hunger for vengeance.

"I fled; you pursued. I roamed from point to point; you, like an avenging Nemesis, followed in my wake. At last you approached so near upon my trail, and the babes were such an incumbrance, that I resolved to rid myself of them, and thereby facilitate my chances of escaping your vengeance.

"The chances soon came.

"Having nothing except my wife to attract me to Los Des Pumas, I traveled about the country for a time, and during said time, I met with you, Alonzo Nesmit.

"We went into a speculation and made a deal of money, all of which I finally decamped with—also taking with me your little fair-haired daughter, Inez. In return, I sent you my hated son with my best respects. Whether you sought me or not, I do not care

to know. Enough it is to say you would probably never have found me, had it not been for the wild race of three days ago."

"And my children?" eagerly questioned Arthur Trevor, bending forward.

"And my daughter?" echoed Colonel Nesmit, anxiously.

A sickly smile lit up the visage of Conales Murrillo.

"Your daughter, Nesmit," he replied, "is living, and was borne off a prisoner by the Vultures at the time of the attack on Los Des Pumas, together with my own daughter, Nola. If you find them, will you care for her as I have kindly cared for *your* child?"

"I will," replied the colonel, tears filling his eyes. "If God allows me to find them, I will treat your child as my own!"

"May Heaven bless you!" sighed Murrillo.

"But, what of my children?" cried the artist, impatiently; "you have not told me of them!"

"True! I have not, because I would spare you more pain," was the reply. "They are both dead!"

Arthur Trevor drew a long sheath-knife from in under his clothing, a determined fire gleaming in his eyes.

"Then you shall die, as did my poor, beautiful wife and children," he exclaimed, fiercely, and he leaped forward to do the terrible work.

"Hold! hold, thar!" shouted old Jack Bulard, excitedly; "don't kill him yit? Jes' hold on er bit till I explatterate!"

Then, with his wife on his arm, he drew near, and in his rough, homely manner of speech, related the occurrence of seventeen years before; all about the finding of the babes in the swamp; how the female had been reared by them to womanhood; how they had found a singular birth-mark on the dead infant, and the magnificent locket on the little girl.

Arthur Trevor put up his knife.

"And this female child is living?" he demanded, joyfully.

"Ay!" cried a voice, back of the crowd, where a little party of horsemen and women had all the while been attentive listeners—"and here she is—here are all of us!"

Then, when Captain Chris and Guessie, Phil Warren and Inez, and Lieutenant Weslyn and Nola rode out into the scene, the surprises were complete.

The rangers sprung to greet their captain; Mr. Trevor received his long-lost daughter with open arms, and Colonel Nesmit caught pretty Inez to his breast, while Nola Murrillo tearfully knelt beside the dying *alcalde*, who she had never known really was her father, he having given her and Inez to understand that he was simply their guardian, or foster-father.

Long and rapturous were the greetings, and well they might be, for even in the presence of death, all the whites assembled on the shores of that lone little lake felt in their hearts the true gratitude and joy of a happy reunion.

When quiet was restored, and the thoughts of the rangers once more reverted to their prisoners, the startling discovery was made that *they had made their escape*, the Navajoe guards having thoughtlessly left them alone, at the time the camp had been summoned to the death-scene of the repentant dying *alcalde*.

Near where they had stood, lying upon the ground, was the explanation of the mystery of the Demon Buffalo, or Cloven-Hoof.

It was a buffalo's head, dextrously hollowed out, so as to fit down over the head of an ordinary person, a long, thick and sweeping mane of hair serving to conceal the connection at the neck. By the side of this lay a pair of spangled pants, and a pair of shoes, the latter being manufactured out of painted leather, and closely resembling the hoofs of a buffalo, being cloven, and fringed with hair.

So much for the ingenuity of a bad man for a bad purpose.

Instantly the alarm was spread, and a *posse* of mounted rangers headed by Captain Chris, the Leopard, and Colonel Nesmit started in pursuit. The trail was soon found, and in a few moments the cavalcade came upon a man lying face downward in the grass. He was recognized by Colonel Nesmit as Alf, the son of *Alcalde* Murrillo, and by Adams, as the counterpart of the portrait in the Nesmit hacienda.

He was almost dead, having fallen in his attempt to escape, and run a lance he had stolen through his body.

He revealed enough, however, to satisfy the rangers that it would be useless to pursue his companions, as they had scattered—never again to unite. Before he expired, he confessed that for years he had been associated with a band of the sharpest rogues he could find in Eastern cities, and that it was he who had personated the Cloven-Hoof, which had created such a sensation all along the border.

Alcalde Murrillo and his sinning son were both buried in one grave, on the banks of that picturesque little Texan lake.

The whole of the distilling apparatus used by the Vultures was destroyed, and Stinging Wasp moved into the little mountain-locked valley, where he still lives with his tribe, a peaceful and respected chief, in the full possession of all that can go to make a red-skin happy—freedom and plenty of whisky.

A week after the strange reunion on the lake-shore, a merry little party set out across the plains toward the East.

They were a jolly company, and prominent among them, we might mention the Leopard and his rangers, Captain Chris Adams, and Miss Bulard, or Trevor, as she is now called, Philip Warren and Miss Nesmit, Lieutenant Weslyn and affianced, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Bulard, and two very happy elderly gentlemen, named, respectively, Nesmit and Trevor—formerly the eccentric Jonathan Jeriah Jerrold, artist.

Also, in their midst rode the sturdy little German, Little Ferret.

The journey was made without incident worthy of mention, and at last the party brought up in Austin.

Here, Warren and Weslyn linked their fates with those of Misses Nesmit and Murrillo, and an elegant wedding they had.

Captain Chris and his affianced, however, postponed their wedding a few months, on account of some legal affairs in which the handsome ranger became involved; then they too were wedded.

Like the Leopard, is now in command of the "Invincibles."

THE END.

THE Sunnyside Library

- 1 LALLA ROOKH. By Thomas Moore..... 10c
- 2 DON JUAN By Lord Byron..... 20c
- 3 PARADISE LOST. By John Milton..... 10c
- 4 THE LADY OF THE LAKE. By Sir Walter Scott.. 10c
- 5 LUCILE. By Owen Meredith..... 10c
- 6 UNDINE; OR, THE WATER-SPIRIT. From the German of Friederich De La Motte Fouque.. 10c

For sale by all newsdealers or sent, postage paid on receipt of twelve cents for single numbers, double numbers twenty-four cents. ADAMS, VICTOR AND CO., 98 William street, New York.

BUFFALO BILL Novels in the DIME LIBRARY

- 32 Death Trailer, the Chief of Scouts; or, Life and Love in a Frontier Fort. By Buffalo Bill.
- 46 The Doomed Dozen; or, Buffalo Bill, Chief of Scouts. By Dr. Frank Powell.
- 47 Wild Bill, the Pistol Dead-Shot. A Romance of Buffalo Bill's Old Pard. By Col. P. Ingraham.
- 75 Wild Bill's Trump Card; or, The Indian Heiress. By Col. Prentiss Ingraham.
- 89 Wild Bill's Gold Trail; or, The Desperate Dozen. By Col. Prentiss Ingraham.
- 143 The Pilgrim Sharp; or, The Soldier's Sweetheart. By Buffalo Bill, Government Scout and Guide.
- 119 Wild Bill, the Whirlwind of the West. By Buffalo Bill.
- 129 The League of Three; or, Buffalo Bill's Pledge. By Col. Prentiss Ingraham.
- 407 The Wizard Brothers; or, White Beaver's Trail. By Buffalo Bill.
- 41 The One-Armed Pard; or, Red Retribution in Borderland. By Buffalo Bill.
- 17 Buffalo Bill's First Trail; or, Will Cody, the Pony Express Rider. By Ned Buntline.
- 49 The Dead Shot Nine; or, My Pards of the Plains. By Buffalo Bill.
- 49 Daredeath Dick, King of the Cowboys; or, Buffalo Bill's Daring Role. By Leon Lewis.
- 139 The Gold King; or, Montebello, the Magnificent. By Buffalo Bill.
- 144 Buffalo Bill's Bonanza; or, The Knights of the Silver Circle. By Col. P. Ingraham.
- 419 Buck Taylor, the Saddle King. By Col. P. Ingraham.
- 42 Buffalo Bill's Secret Service Trail; or, The Mysterious Foe. By Maj. Dangerfield Burr.
- 491 Buffalo Bill's Blind Trail; or, Mustang Madge, the Daughter of the Regiment. By Ingraham.
- 497 Buffalo Bill's Buckskin Brotherhood; or, Opening Up a Lost Trail. By Col. P. Ingraham.
- 710 Buffalo Bill Baffled; or, The Deserter Desperado's Defiance. By Col. P. Ingraham.
- 716 Buffalo Bill's Scout Shadows; or, Emerald Ed of Devil's Acre. By Col. P. Ingraham.
- 722 Buffalo Bill on the War-Path. By Col. Ingraham.
- 727 Buffalo Bill's Body-guard. By Col. P. Ingraham.
- 728 Buffalo Bill's Beagles. By Col. P. Ingraham.
- 729 Buffalo Bill and His Merry Men. By Col. P. Ingraham.
- 73 Buffalo Bill's Blind. By Col. P. Ingraham.
- 73 Buffalo Bill's Flush Hand; or, Texas Jack's Bravos. By Col. P. Ingraham.
- 750 Buffalo Bill's Big Four. By Col. P. Ingraham.
- 757 Buffalo Bill's Double; or, The Desperado Detective. By Col. Prentiss Ingraham.
- 761 Buffalo Bill's Mascot. or, Death Valley Victim No. 13. By Col. Prentiss Ingraham.
- 765 Buffalo Bill's Dozen; or, Silk-Ribbon Sam. By Col. Prentiss Ingraham.
- 769 Buffalo Bill's Sweepstake. By Col. Ingraham.
- 77 Buffalo Bill's Spy-shadower. By Col. Ingraham.
- 787 Buffalo Bill's Dead Shot. By Col. Prentiss Ingraham.
- 800 Wild Bill, the Dead-Center Shot. or, Rio Grande Ralph the Cowboy Chief. By Buffalo Bill.
- 807 Wild Bill, the Wild West Duelist; or, The Girl Mascot of Moonlight Mine. By Buffalo Bill.
- 812 Buffalo Bill's Death-Knell; or, The Red Hand Riders of the Rockies. By Col. P. Ingraham.
- 820 White Beaver's Still Hunt; or, The Miner Marauder's Death-Track. By Buffalo Bill.
- 822 Buffalo Bill's Best Bower; or, Montebello, the Gold King. By Col. P. Ingraham.
- 826 Buffalo Bill's Sharp-Shooters; or, The Surgeon Scout to the Rescue. By Col. P. Ingraham.
- 830 Buffalo Bill's Boys in Blue; or, The Brimstone Band's Blot-out. By Col. Prentiss Ingraham.
- 839 The Ranch King Dead Shot; or, Texas Jack's Proxy. By Buffalo Bill.
- 845 Buffalo Bill's Redskin Ruse; or, Texas Jack's Death Shot. By Col. Prentiss Ingraham.
- 851 Buffalo Bill's Double Dilemma; or, The Great Scout's Big Three. By Col. Prentiss Ingraham.
- 857 Buffalo Bill's Royal Flush; or, The Pony Rider's Death-Run. By Col. Prentiss Ingraham.
- 863 Buffalo Bill's Death-Charms; or, The Man With a Star. By Col. Prentiss Ingraham.
- 869 Buffalo Bill's Road-Agent 'Round-up; or, The Mysterious Masked Man in Black. By Ingraham.
- 874 Buffalo Bill's Buckskin Braves; or, The Card Queen's Las Game. By Col. P. Ingraham.
- 882 The Three Bills: Buffalo Bill, Wild Bill and Bandbox Bill; or, The Bravo in Broadcloth. By Ingraham.
- 890 Buffalo Bill's Life-Stake; or, The Pledged Three. By Col. Prentiss Ingraham.
- 895 Buffalo Bill's Secret Ally; or, The Texan's Double. By Col. Prentiss Ingraham.
- 900 Buffalo Bill's Rough Riders; or, Texas Jack's Sharp-Shooters. By Col. P. Ingraham.
- 904 Buffalo Bill's Tangled Trail; or, Gentleman Jack, the Man of Many Masks. By Ingraham.
- 909 Buffalo Bill's League; or, Red Butterfly. By Col. Prentiss Ingraham.
- 915 Buffalo Bill and the Surgeon Scout; or, Go wan-go, the Redskin Rider. By Col. P. Ingraham.
- 921 Buffalo Bill's Quandary; or, Velvet Bill's Vow. By Col. Prentiss Ingraham.
- 927 Buffalo Bill's Buff; or, Dusky Dick, the Sport. By Col. P. Ingraham.
- 936 Buffalo Bill's Black Pard; or, The Gold Bonnet of the Big Horn. By Col. P. Ingraham.
- 943 Buffalo Bill's Block Game. By Colonel P. Ingraham.
- 950 Buffalo Bill at Bay. By Colonel Prentiss Ingraham.
- 956 Buffalo Bill's Volunteer Vigilantes. By Col. Prentiss Ingraham.
- 960 Buffalo Bill's Blue Belt Brigade. By Colonel Prentiss Ingraham.
- 964 Buffalo Bill's Invincibles. By Col. Prentiss Ingraham.
- 969 Texas Jack, the Lasso King; or, The Robber Rangers of the Rio Grande. By Buffalo Bill.
- 973 The Dread-Shot Four. By Buffalo Bill.
- 979 Buffalo Bill's Relentless Trail. By Col. Prentiss Ingraham.
- 984 Buffalo Bill's Life Raffle; or, The Doomed Three. Ready Sept. 1.
- 989 Buffalo Bill's Marked Bullet. By Col. P. Ingraham. Ready Oct. 6.
- 994 Buffalo Bill's Lone Hand. By Col. P. Ingraham.
- 1000 Buffalo Bill's Grim Guard. By Col. P. Ingraham.

The above DIME Libraries are For Sale by
ALL NEWSDEALERS, ten cents per copy.
or sent by mail on application at of price.

SMART TOASTS FOR THE SMART SET.

Vest Pocket Size. 64 Pages. Sewed Book. Up-to-

By Mail, Postpaid, 12c. per Copy.

BEST LINE OF HAND BOOKS PUBLISHED.

"YIDDISH" YARNS.—A Collection of Hebrew Jokes, Stories, etc.

GENTS' LETTER WRITER.—A Perfect Guide to all kinds of Correspondence.

FAMILY PHYSICIAN.—Family Diseases and Their Treatment; Rules of Health, etc.

BOOK OF DREAMS.—Their Romance and Mystery, with a Complete Interpretation Dictionary.

HOUSEWIFE'S MANUAL.—How to Keep House; How to Dye, Cleanse, etc.

VAUDEVILLE JOKER.—Best Jokes by Eminent Vaudeville Artists.

BOOK OF ETIQUETTE.—Society, Visits, Introductions, Dress, Balls, etc.

FORTUNE TELLER.—Fortune Telling by Cards, Tea or Coffee Grounds, Eggs; Palmistry, etc.

BOOK OF 100 GAMES.—One Hundred Games for Social Parties and Home Amusements.

COOK BOOK.—Economical, Practical, Excellent.

LADIES' LETTER WRITER.—How to Write; When to Write; What to Write.

RECIPE BOOK.—For the Parlor, Nursery, Room, Toilet, Kitchen, Larder, etc.

BOOK OF BEAUTY.—Beauty of Form, Color, Head, Hair, Complexion, Skin, etc., with chapters on Perfumes, Cosmetics, etc.

BOOK OF VERSES.—Comprising Rhymes, Lines, and Mottoes for Lovers and Friends.

THE LOVERS' CASKET.—A Treatise on and Guide to Friendship, Love, Courtship, and Marriage.

"GERMAN" JOKER.—"Dutch" Jokes and "Gags" by best "Dutch" Teams on the Stage.

"HAYSEED" JOKER.—The Doings of "Our Country Cousins" in a Humorous Way.

"TRAMP" JOKER.—Good "Handouts" in this Book for Professional and Amateur Entertainers.

"COON" YARNS.—Best Jokes Relating to Our "Dark-Skinned Brothers."

"IRISH" JOKER No. 1.—The Wittiness and Whimsicalities of "Pat" at His Best.

"VARIETY" JOKER.—Good Things from all the Nationalities: "Pat," "Alphonse," "Haus," "Jonathan," "Moses," and "Ebenezer."

The above books are bound in handsomely illustrated lithographed covers.
Price by mail, postpaid, 12 cents per copy.

M. J. IVERS & CO., Publishers, 379 Pearl Street, New York City.

BEADLE'S BOYS' LIBRARY.

PRICE 5 CENTS PER COPY.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1 Dandy Bill's Doom. By Oll Coomes. | 34 The Chase of the Great White Stag. By C. D. Clark. |
| 3 Kit Carson. By A. W. Aiken. | 35 Old Tar Knuckle. By Roger Starbuck. |
| 4 Lillie, the Reckless Rider. By Stoddard. | 36 The Dashing Dragoon. By F. Whittaker. |
| 5 Old Grizzly in the Rockies. By Ingraham. | 37 Night-Hawk George. By Ingraham. |
| 6 Deadwood Dick as a Boy. By E. L. Wheeler. | 38 The Boy Exiles of Siberia. By T. C. Harbaugh. |
| 7 Wild Bill. By Ingraham. | 39 The Young Bear Hunters. By Morris Redwing. |
| 8 The Prairie Ranch. By J. E. Badger. | 40 New York Bill, the Dodger. By Edward Willett. |
| 9 Roving Joe. By A. H. Post. | 41 The Settler's Son. By Edward S. Ellis. |
| 10 Texas Jack. By Ingraham. | 42 Walt Ferguson's Cruise. By C. D. Clark. |
| 11 Charley Skylark, the Sport. By H. B. Stoddard. | 43 Rifle and Revolver. By F. Whittaker. |
| 12 Brimstone Bill's Booty. By J. E. Badger, Jr. | 44 The Lost Boy Whalers. By T. C. Harbaugh. |
| 13 Roving Ben. By J. J. Marshall. | 45 Bronco Billy. By Ingraham. |
| 14 The Ticket-of-Leave's Trick. By J. E. Badger, Jr. | 46 Dick, the Stowaway. By Charles Morris. |
| 15 Wide-Awake George. By E. Willett. | 47 The Colorado Boys. By J. E. Badger, Jr. |
| 16 Wide-Awake Ned. By B. Ringgold. | 48 The Pampas Hunters. By T. C. Harbaugh. |
| 17 Peter, the Dandy Greenhorn. By Noah Nuff. | 49 Nebraska Charlie. By Ingraham. |
| 18 Adrift on the Prairie. By Oll Coomes. | 50 Jack, Harry, and Tom. By F. Whittaker. |
| 19 Joe, the Rover Sport. By A. H. Post. | 51 Tom Stone, the Old Sea Dog. By C. D. Clark. |
| 20 Giant Pete and his Pards. By Harbaugh. | 52 The Boy Detectives. By T. C. Harbaugh. |
| 21 Yellow Hair. By Ingraham. | 53 Harry, the Country Boy, in New York. By Charles Morris. |
| 22 The Snow-Trail. By Harbaugh. | 54 California Joe. By Ingraham. |
| 23 Old Grizzly Adams. By Dr. Powell. | 55 Tip Tressel, the Flatboat Boy. By Edward Willett. |
| 24 Woods and Waters. By Whittaker. | 56 The Snow Hunters. By Harry De Forrest. |
| 25 A Rolling Stone. By W. R. Eyster. | 57 Harry Somers, the Magician. By S. W. Pearce. |
| 26 Red River Rovers. By C. D. Clark. | 58 Captain Jack in Rocky Roost. By Ingraham. |
| 27 Buckskin Sam's Wild Ride. By Ingraham. | 59 Tim, the Mule Boy of the Mines. By Charles Morris. |
| 28 The Sword Prince. By F. Whittaker. | 60 The Young Trail Hunters. By T. C. Harbaugh. |
| 29 Snow-Shoe Tom. By T. C. Harbaugh. | 61 The Tiger Hunters. By J. E. Badger, Jr. |
| 30 Paul De Lacy. By C. D. Clark. | 62 Doctor Carver, the Champion Shot. By Ingraham. |
| 31 Round the Camp-Fire. By J. E. Badger, Jr. | 63 Black Horse Bill, the Bandit Wrecker. By Roger Starbuck. |
| 32 Fancy Frank's Drop. By Ingraham. | 64 Young Dick Talbot. By A. W. Aiken. |
| 33 The Boy Crusader. By Capt. F. Whittaker. | |

THE Deadwood Dick Library

**LATEST AND BEST.
HANDSOME TRI-COLORED COVERS.**

32 Pages. Issued Every Wednesday.

Price 5 Cents.

Buy One and You Will Buy the Rest!

Extracts from the New York Evening Sun.

TWO REMARKABLE HEROES.

In only one sense of the word can it be regarded as a novel statement when the fact is here recorded that literature has given many heroes to the world, and perhaps more than one reader will have to think a moment over this remark before the subtle delicacy of its genial wit strikes home.

But it is most essentially a half dime novel statement that will be news to many when it is added that literature, if traced from the dimly distant days when Adam was a mere child down to the present day, would show but few heroes that in the eyes of boyhood would be even judged worthy of comparison with the two greatest heroes known to American literature, or, to promptly reveal them, Deadwood Dick and Deadwood Dick, Jr.

* * * The modern heroes of fiction for young America, who are now as countless as the sands of the sea, and of whom the Deadwood Dicks are much the most important * * * it is but natural that their * * * should bear away the palm of popularity, and such as * * * be left far behind in the race.

It can be easily believed, therefore, that the two Dicks are so firmly engrafted on the tree of popular literature for boys and young men, that their position is assured * * * and that they stand to-day head and shoulders

above all rivals in the eyes of the public for which they have lived, and for which one of them has died.

American boyhood, and that is a tremendous factor in the land, now knows Deadwood Dick, Jr., a good deal better than it knows its catechism, and millions of young minds absorb the thrilling incidents of his career in his everlasting warfare against crime and his never-ending solving of impenetrable mysteries.

Millions of boys follow his stealthy footsteps as he tracks his vicious victims to their undoing, and then, when the victims are thoroughly undone, the millions wait hungrily for the next volume, which on every Wednesday appears with the certainty of the Wednesday itself, and a new set of delightful thrills go thrilling away from Maine to California.

There are the volumes each so crowded with thrills and heart-tugs that it were madness to hope to do justice to them collectively and rank injustice to discriminate between them.

To abandon the idea of giving a few extracts causes infinite pain, but if once a start were made in that direction, it would be cruel to *The Evening Sun's* readers to stop, and it is therefore better not to relate one single adventure. Suffice it to say that the stories are clean and well written.

DEADWOOD DICK LIBRARY.

- 1 Deadwood Dick, the Prince of the Road
- 2 The Double Daggers; or, Deadwood Dick's Defiance
- 3 The Buffalo Demon; or, The Border Vultures
- 4 Buffalo Ben, Prince of the Pistol
- 5 Wild Ivan, the Boy Claude Duval
- 6 Death-Face, the Detective
- 7 The Phantom Miner; or, Deadwood Dick's Bonanza
- 8 Old Avalanche, the Great Annihilator; or, Wild Edna, the Girl Brigand
- 9 Bob Woolf, the Border Ruffian
- 10 Omaha Oll, the Masked Terror; or, Deadwood Dick in Danger
- 11 Jim Bludsoe, Jr., the Boy Phenix; or, Through to Death
- 12 Deadwood Dick's Eagles; or, The Pard of Flood Bar
- 13 Buckhorn Bill; or, The Red Rifle Team
- 14 Gold Rifle, the Sharpshooter
- 15 Deadwood Dick on Deck; or, Calamity Jane
- 16 Corduroy Charlie, the Boy Bravo
- 17 Rosebud Rob; or, Nugget Ned, the Knight of the Gulch
- 18 Idyl, the Girl Miner; or, Rosebud Rob on Hand
- 19 Photograph Phil; or, Rosebud Rob's Reappearance
- 20 Watch-Eye, the Shadow
- 21 Deadwood Dick's Device; or, The Sign of the Double Cross
- 22 Canada Chet, the Counterfeiter Chief
- 23 Deadwood Dick in Leadville; or, A Strange Stroke for Liberty
- 24 Deadwood Dick as Detective
- 25 Gilt-Edge Dick
- 26 Bonanza Bill, the Man-Tracker; or, The Secret Twelve
- 27 Chip, the Girl Sport
- 28 Jack Hoyle's Lead; or, The Road to Fortune
- 29 Boss Bob, the King of Bootblacks
- 30 Deadwood Dick's Double; or, The Ghost of Gorgon's Gulch
- 31 Blonde Bill; or, Deadwood Dick's Home Base
- 32 Solid Sam, the Boy Road-Agent

- 33 Tony Fox, the Ferret; or, Boss Bob's Boss Job
- 34 A Game of Gold; or, Deadwood Dick's Big Strike
- 35 Deadwood Dick of Deadwood; or, The Picked Party
- 36 New York Nell, the Boy-Girl Detective
- 37 Nobby Nick of Nevada; or, The Scamps of the Sierras
- 38 Wild Frank, the Buckskin Bravo
- 39 Deadwood Dick's Doom; or, Calamity Jane's Last Adventure
- 40 Deadwood Dick's Dream; or, The Rivals of the Road
- 41 Deadwood Dick's Ward; or, The Black Hills Jezebel
- 42 The Arab Detective; or, Snoozer, the Boy Sharp
- 43 The Ventriloquist Detective. A Romance of Rogues
- 44 Detective Josh Grim; or, The Young Gladiator's Game
- 45 The Frontier Detective; or, Sierra Sam's Scheme
- 46 The Jimtown Sport; or, Gypsy Jack in Colorado
- 47 The Miner Sport; or, Sugar-Coated Sam's Claim
- 48 Dick Drew, the Miner's Son; or, Apollo Bill, the Road-Agent
- 49 Sierra Sam, the Detective
- 50 Sierra Sam's Double; or, The Three Female Detectives
- 51 Sierra Sam's Sentence; or, Little Luck at Rough Ranch
- 52 The Girl Sport; or, Jumbo Joe's Disguise
- 53 Denver Doll's Device; or, The Detective Queen
- 54 Denver Doll as Detective
- 55 Denver Doll's Partner; or, Big Buckskin the Sport
- 56 Denver Doll's Mine; or, Little Bill's Big Loss
- 57 Deadwood Dick Trapped
- 58 Buck Hawk, Detective; or, The Messenger Boy's Fortune
- 59 Deadwood Dick's Disguise; or, Wild Walt, the Sport
- 60 Dumb Dick's Pard; or, Eliza Jane, the Gold Miner
- 61 Deadwood Dick's Mission
- 62 Spotter Fritz; or, The Store-Detective's Decoy
- 63 The Detective Road-Agent; or, The Miners of Sassafras City
- 64 Colorado Charlie's Detective Dash; or, The Cattle Kings

**M. J. IVERS & CO., Publishers (James Sullivan, Proprietor),
379 Pearl Street, NEW YORK.**



Copyright 1878-1884, by Beadle & Adams. Entered at Post Office, New York, N. Y., as second class matter. Mar. 15, 1894

No. 3

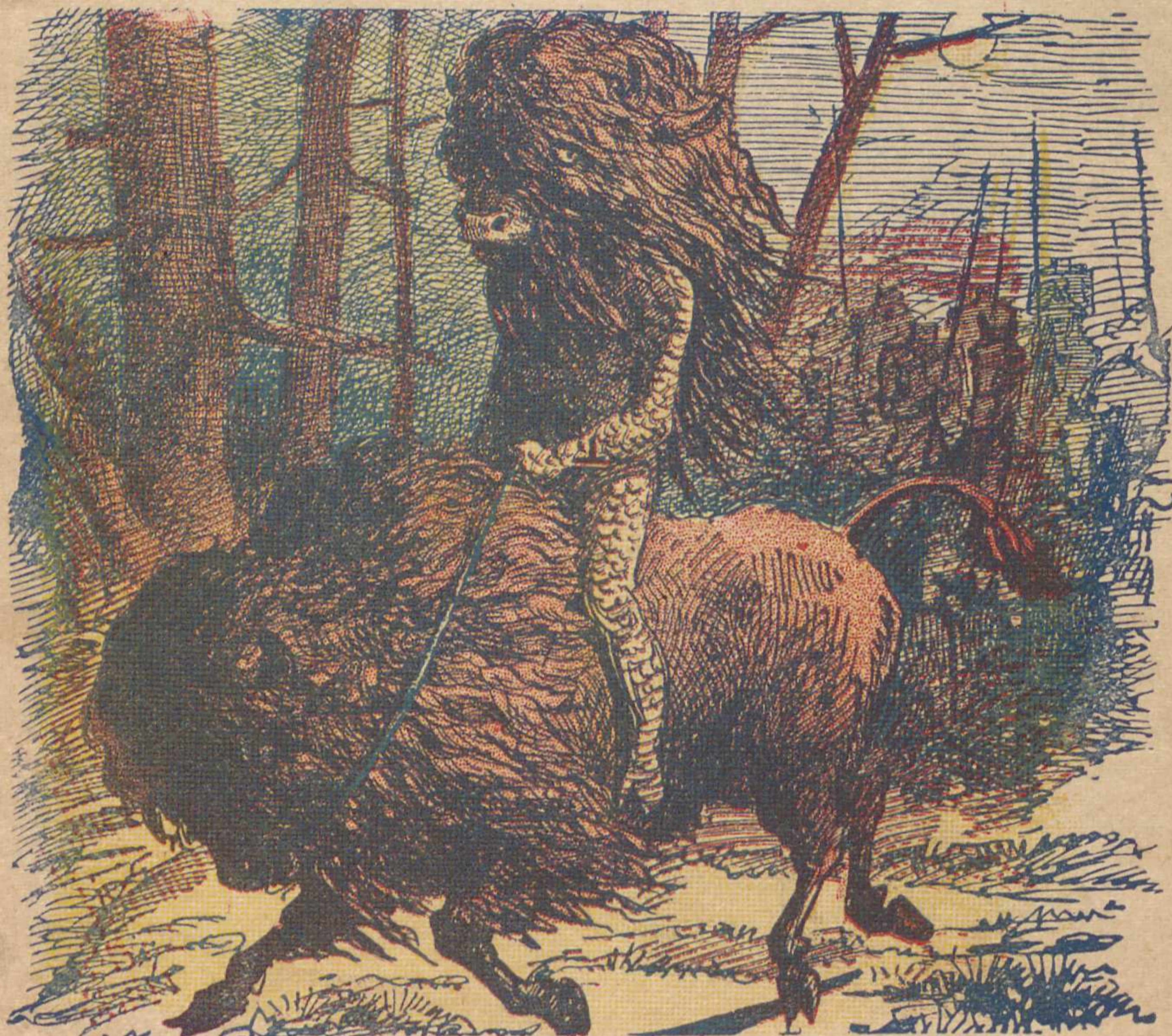
THE ARTHUR WESTBROOK CO.
Cleveland, Ohio

Vol. I

THE BUFFALO DEMON; Or, THE BORDER VULTURES. A Tale of the Southwest.

BY EDWARD L. WHEELER.

AUTHOR OF "DEADWOOD DICK," "THE DOUBLE DAGGERS," ETC., ETC.



ON CAME THE HEADLESS HORSEMEN, HEADED BY THE BUFFALO DEMON.

26 1/2 DL



Copyright 1878-1884, by Beadle & Adams. Entered at Post Office, New York, N. Y., as second class matter. Mar. 15, 1899

No. 3

THE ARTHUR WESTBROOK CO.
Cleveland, Ohio

Vol. I

THE BUFFALO DEMON; Or, THE BORDER VULTURES.

A Tale of the Southwest

BY EDWARD L. WHEELER,
AUTHOR OF "DEADWOOD DICK," "THE DOUBLE DAGGERS," ETC., ETC.



ON CAME THE HEADLESS HORSEMEN, HEADED BY THE BUFFALO DEMON.

THE Deadwood Dick Library

**LATEST AND BEST.
HANDSOME TRI-COLORED COVERS.**

32 Pages.

**Buy One and You Will Buy the Rest!
For Sample Cover See Other Side.**

DEADWOOD DICK LIBRARY.

- 1 Deadwood Dick, the Prince of the Road
- 2 The Double Daggers; or, Deadwood Dick's Defiance
- 3 The Buffalo Demon; or, The Border Vultures
- 4 Buffalo Ben, Prince of the Pistol
- 5 Wild Ivan, the Boy Claude Duval
- 6 Death-Face, the Detective
- 7 The Phantom Miner; or, Deadwood Dick's Bonanza
- 8 Old Avalanche, the Great Annihilator; or, Wild Edna, the Girl Brigand
- 9 Bob Woolf, the Border Ruffian
- 10 Omaha Oll, the Masked Terror; or, Deadwood Dick in Danger
- 11 Jim Bludsoe, Jr., the Boy Phenix; or, Through to Death
- 12 Deadwood Dick's Eagles; or, The Pard of Flood Bar
- 13 Buckhorn Bill; or, The Red Rifle Team
- 14 Gold Rifle, the Sharpshooter
- 15 Deadwood Dick on Deck; or, Calamity Jane
- 16 Corduroy Charlie, the Boy Bravo
- 17 Rosebud Rob; or, Nugget Ned, the Knight of the Gulch
- 18 Idyl, the Girl Miner; or, Rosebud Rob on Hand
- 19 Photograph Phil; or, Rosebud Rob's Reappearance
- 20 Watch-Eye, the Shadow
- 21 Deadwood Dick's Device; or, The Sign of the Double Cross
- 22 Canada Chet, the Counterfeiter Chief
- 23 Deadwood Dick in Leadville; or, A Strange Stroke for Liberty
- 24 Deadwood Dick as Detective
- 25 Gilt-Edged Dick
- 26 Bonanza Bill, the Man-Tracker; or, The Secret Twelve
- 27 Chip, the Girl Sport
- 28 Jack Hoyle's Lead; or, The Road to Fortune
- 29 Boss Bob, the King of Bootblacks
- 30 Deadwood Dick's Double; or, The Ghost of Gorgon's Gulch
- 31 Blonde Bill; or, Deadwood Dick's Home Base
- 32 Solid Sam, the Boy Road-Agent
- 33 Tony Fox, the Ferret; or, Boss Bob's Boss Job
- 34 A Game of Gold; or, Deadwood Dick's Big Strike
- 35 Deadwood Dick of Deadwood; or, The Picked Party
- 36 New York Nell, the Boy-Girl Detective
- 37 Nobby Nick of Nevada; or, The Scamps of the Sierras
- 38 Wild Frank, the Buckskin Bravo
- 39 Deadwood Dick's Doom; or, Calamity Jane's Last Adventure
- 40 Deadwood Dick's Dream; or, The Rivals of the Road
- 41 Deadwood Dick's Ward; or, The Black Hills Jezebel
- 42 The Arab Detective; or, Snoozer, the Boy Sharp
- 43 The Ventriloquist Detective. A Romance of Rogues
- 44 Detective Josh Grim; or, The Young Gladiator's Game
- 45 The Frontier Detective; or, Sierra Sam's Scheme
- 46 The Jimtown Sport; or, Gypsy Jack in Colorado
- 47 The Miner Sport; or, Sugar-Coated Sam's Claim
- 48 Dick Drew, the Miner's Son; or, Apollo Bill, the Road-Agent
- 49 Sierra Sam, the Detective
- 50 Sierra Sam's Double; or, The Three Female Detectives
- 51 Sierra Sam's Sentence; or, Little Luck at Rough Ranch
- 52 The Girl Sport; or, Jumbo Joe's Disguise
- 53 Denver Doll's Device; or, The Detective Queen
- 54 Denver Doll as Detective
- 55 Denver Doll's Partner; or, Big Buckskin the Sport
- 56 Denver Doll's Mine; or, Little Bill's Big Loss
- 57 Deadwood Dick Trapped
- 58 Buck Hawk, Detective; or, The Messenger Boy's Fortune
- 59 Deadwood Dick's Disguise; or, Wild Walt, the Sport
- 60 Dumb Dick's Pard; or, Eliza Jane, the Gold Miner
- 61 Deadwood Dick's Mission
- 62 Spotter Fritz; or, The Store-Detective's Decoy
- 63 The Detective Road-Agent; or, The Miners of Sassafras City
- 64 Colorado Charlie's Detective Dash; or, The Cattle Kings